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LABOUR'S FOREIGN POLICY

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

HOW far is the embargo on the export of arms to the war between Bolivia and Paraguay effective? It is a test case. Here are two countries engaged in a war the objects of which, in the words of the President of the Commission which the League sent to the Gran Chaco, "are the conflicting interests of foreign capitalists connected with various concessions with, as final motive, the inevitable lure of oil, that apple of discord all over the world." This war, as the Commission pointed out, could not be carried out at all were not arms supplied by American and European countries. After the publication of its report the United States announced that it would no longer permit the export of arms to these belligerents. Great Britain followed suit and so have all the Member States of the League except, surprisingly enough, Belgium and Norway, which reserved the right, as the Italians at first threatened to do, of making an exception in the case of "existing contracts." Such exceptions ruin the entire embargo. It is reported that arms are in fact being shipped from these countries. Unless these holes in the embargo are stopped, other countries which have made their prohibition of arms exports depend on general observance of the embargo are likely also to break away. The British Government appears to have played an honourable part, refusing export licences and urging other hesitant Governments to do the same. But the League should insist on the acceptance of the embargo by every country, and it should maintain a careful supervision to ensure that countries which are nominally enforcing the embargo are not, in fact, permitting cargoes of arms to go to the Gran Chaco by indirect routes.

Russia and Japan

There is good reason to believe that after an apparently complete break in the negotiations, Japan has at last come to terms with Russia for the purchase of the Chinese Eastern Railway. The difference between the sums offered and demanded has been split, and the line will change hands for £10,000,000, a figure which includes compensation for the Russian employees. Are we justified in hoping that this ending of an ugly and protracted quarrel means a lasting improvement in the relations of these two powers? Does it mean that we need no longer fear the Russo-Japanese war—the war which is so commonly talked of as "inevitable"? There is confirmation for this reading of the news in the irritation which the Japanese military party frankly displays in its press. Russia has in some degree protected her own rear by her entry into the League, in spite of the French declaration officially made in Tokio that the new relationship between Paris and Moscow implies no support for Russia in any Far Eastern dispute. But the apparently good news is capable of

another reading, and there are some who will read it so. The chief significance of this railway is strategical. Is Japan in a hurry to acquire it, in order to consolidate her base for an advance on Mongolia or Siberia?

The Saar Plebiscite

The Saar is still the most troublesome of the European problems with which the League must deal—for Austria for the moment is in charge of Mussolini. An account of the present state of affairs by Mr. Branting, the able son of Sweden's first Socialist Premier, suggests that the existing police force is unable to prevent even the grossest physical terrorism, to say nothing of subtler forms of economic pressure exercised by employers on workmen. He described four recent and very savage beatings of their opponents by Nazis. Even women are subject to these assaults. The efforts of Mr. Knox to recruit a temporary gendarmerie in German-speaking countries have been largely foiled by the refusal of Switzerland to help him. That prudent little country cannot afford to incur Nazi resentment. Mr. Knox may, however, pick up enough recruits capable of speaking German in such unlikely regions as Belgium and Lithuania.

Another Member of the League

Afghanistan's entry into the League of Nations is not an earth-shaking event. But it will be of real advantage, we hope, both to herself and the rest of us. Her geographical position, between Russia and India, and the character of her people made Afghanistan in the old days an important and an awkward factor in diplomatic and military calculations. She still remains so, though in a less degree. Since the stormy period of Bolshevik intrigue and war with Britain, the Afghans have been at peace abroad, if at odds among themselves. They have made some progress in what we call civilisation, though they jibbed at the ill-fated Amanullah's attempts to modernise them out of hand. Their independence is not threatened, for neither we nor the Russians have any aggressive designs on it—indeed, a Soviet-Afghan non-aggressive pact is in force. But "frontier incidents" are always possible, and any difficulties they might provoke can obviously be better settled with Afghanistan inside the League in company with her neighbours, the U.S.S.R., India and Persia.

Gen. Johnson Resigns

General Johnson has resigned from the directorship of the N.R.A., and the textile strikers have gone back to work. These are the outstanding developments of the past week in the United States. As for General Johnson, his resignation has been often prophesied, and for some time expected. He is unlikely to be replaced by any new "dictator." The N.R.A. will now probably be reorganised, on a less ambitious basis, under some sort of board or commission. The textile strikers returned to work at the President's personal request, on the basis of the recommendations contained in the Winant Report, which proposes a new scheme for dealing with industrial disputes through an independent authority quite apart from the N.R.A. administration. The revised N.R.A. is therefore likely to be shorn of its functions in dealing with labour matters, though the clauses about wages and collective bargaining rights will presumably be retained in the new code. President Roosevelt is rumoured to favour the establishment of collective bargaining for industry on a basis of the election of representatives by the employees, apart from the Trade Unions. To this the A.F. of L. leaders are strongly opposed, since it would permit the continuance of "company unions," and deprive them of the prospect of becoming the sole representative of the workers.

The "Gold Bloc" Takes Action

The countries which form the "gold bloc" met in Geneva this week and decided to work more closely together in future in economic matters. All these countries—France, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland and Italy—have been seriously hit in their export trades by the depreciation of the pound and the dollar; but they all express an unwavering determination not to alter the present gold parity of their currencies. The attempt to maintain this parity involves them all in policies of internal deflation. They are all faced with growing unemployment; they have all been engaged, directly or indirectly, in cutting down wages and economising on public services in an attempt to maintain their position. There is not the smallest doubt that all their currencies are over-valued in terms of those currencies which have no longer a gold basis, or that the forcing down of their costs to a point which would allow their exports to recover presents for the moment, an insuperable problem. But the prospect of currency depreciation so alarms their statesmen—and in some cases an influential section of their public opinion—that they dare not take the obvious way out. Ostensibly, these five countries are now banded together to defend their common currency standard. Actually, it would not be surprising if their joining forces made it easier for them to do all together what none of them ventures to do alone. But their first step will probably be an attempt to bring pressure to bear on Great Britain and America, in the hope of securing guarantees against further measures of depreciation. In effect, the contest which began at the abortive World Economic Conference is renewed.

Constitutional Reform in France

Englishmen in general will sympathise with M. Doumergue's scheme of parliamentary reform, especially as it is modelled on British practice. He contrasts the miserable position of the Président du Conseil with that of his counterpart, the Prime Minister, in this country, and points to the notorious instability of Governments in France—there were no less than six of them in the twenty months before he took office last February. His remedy is to give the head of the Government the right, which he has here, to call for a dissolution. He proposes also to confine to the Government the right to initiate expenditure. So far, so good. But his other main reform is concerned with the civil service, and the proposal to put heavy shackles on their political activities has raised a storm of opposition on the Left. The Socialists find a great part of their support among the *fonctionnaires*—teachers, postmen and others. They see in this plan a deliberate attempt to reduce their Party to impotence, and, indeed, M. Doumergue makes little secret of what is in his mind. In his broadcast on Monday he launched a bitter attack on the Socialists and Communists, and made the silly charge (with which we are not unfamiliar on this side of the Channel)

that their object is to bring about the "ruin of the country" in order to establish themselves in power.

The Canadian Landslide

The Australian General Election sent Mr. Lyons back with a big enough majority over the divided Labour Party to give him a clear run for some time. Mr. Bennett's Government in Canada is in a less happy position. The series of by-elections just held in Ontario are startling and ominous. Five constituencies were involved—three held by the Conservatives and two by the Liberal Opposition. The Conservatives lost two of their three seats, and would probably have lost the third if the Opposition vote had not been split by the intervention of a Socialist candidate under the auspices of the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation. The two Liberal seats were held with largely increased majorities. There is no doubt at all that a General Election in Canada to-day would result in a very large Liberal majority, and also probably in the appearance of the C.C.F. as a quite important third factor in Dominion politics. The return of the Liberals would mean lower protection, which would help British exports. What else it would mean is not clear. There are many discordant elements, from semi-Socialists to pure *laisser faire* individualists, in the Liberal ranks. Mr. Mackenzie King, who leads the Liberals, is loudly calling on Mr. Bennett to resign. But probably the Conservatives will sit tight, in the hope of something turning up that will make them less unpopular.

The Welsh Coalfields

The Gresford colliery disaster is the worst that has befallen the mining industry for many years. Not since the Senghenydd disaster of 1913 has there been so heavy a loss of life in a single accident. Yet, even in years in which there is no great disaster, nearly a thousand miners are killed, and many times this number seriously injured. This background of daily danger underlies the attitude of the miner towards his work—and perhaps the mineowner's too. It helps to account for the acerbity of industrial relationships in the coalfields, which have once again been illustrated by the breakdown of the resumed negotiations for a new agreement in South Wales. We go to press without knowing the outcome of the meetings to which the Secretary for Mines has summoned both parties in the hope of preventing a strike this week-end. But, unless Mr. Brown has something more to offer than a request to both sides to resume parleys, a strike seems unavoidable. The owners will not recognise the authority of the National Board; and the miners will not accept a form of arbitration dictated by the owners, who, disliking the conclusions of one impartial body, propose to set up a rival "impartiality" more likely to favour them. But perhaps Mr. Brown has this time some workable proposal up his usually empty sleeve.

A Bad Egg

Mr. Elliot has been taking thought for the harassed home egg producers. He has announced a cut in egg imports—by voluntary agreement, not by legislation—of 5 per cent. for the quarter beginning on October 1st and 10 per cent. at the New Year. The second cut will remain in force until the advent of an egg marketing scheme, on which Dr. Addison's Committee is busy, when, in accordance with trade agreements, statutory control of imports becomes possible. Unfortunately this egg is found on examination to be empty. The cut will help no one and there is the greatest difficulty in understanding why it has been imposed, unless one is to believe that the authorities have been naive enough to listen to anxious Tory M.P.s from rural constituencies at their wits' end for something to show to the farmers. Fewer eggs have been imported since the "standstill" agreement made with the exporting countries last March than in the corresponding period of free imports, yet the home producer is getting to-day 3*d.* a dozen less for his eggs than before the standstill agreement. So how is a further cut in imports going to help him?

The "Morro" Nightmare

Each successive report from the *Morro Castle* inquiry confirms the early impression that the ship resembled nothing so much as a lunatic asylum. Drink, sulphuric acid and sodomy have all appeared in the inquiry, but nothing to substantiate the comic suggestion that the fire was the work of Communists. Why should Communists want to burn the *Morro Castle*? A better game would be to leave her alone as a standing instance of reckless inefficiency under the capitalist system. How many other vessels are there sailing the seas at this moment trusting to luck to avoid disaster? It is only when catastrophe occurs that the lack of discipline and failure to take ordinary legal precautions—only too common, one fears, though the *Morro Castle* was an exceptionally flagrant case—are brought to the notice of a shocked world. Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad. It seems that the ship was grossly undermanned and that some of the officers and crew were bad as well as mad. That they should at length have destroyed themselves is natural and no bad thing, but that they should have been loose on the high seas to drag down harmless passengers with them to their destruction is a tragedy and a scandal.

"Queen Mary"

In the presence of a quarter of a million people and amid the perfervid plaudits of the press the new Cunarder has made her way without mishap down the well-greased slipway into the murky waters of the Clyde. Before doing so she acquired a name which everyone likes, and it now remains for her to acquire a reputation for speed, efficiency and an effectively designed interior. After the adjectival tornado that accompanied her launching, the extravagant hopes of the King that a new ship designed to intensify competition in the Atlantic will in some mysterious manner create international goodwill, the assembly by Mr. Garvin of his loudest thunders to proclaim this assemblage of steel and paint a symbol of national regeneration, the pen is left a trifle limp. Like the Queen, we wish good luck to all who sail aboard this giant luxury liner. Perhaps the truest estimate of what Wednesday's event means is to say that in order to help employment on the Clyde (in itself an entirely laudable object) a beautiful but almost useless vessel has been committed to the waters. A second is now apparently in contemplation.

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THE LABOUR PROGRAMME

SOME of the supporters of the National Government, we are told, are dissatisfied with its propaganda. It harps too much on its achievements, they say, and not enough on its intentions—and that is not the way to enthuse the electorate. It is not, indeed, especially with a record like that of the National Government. But the Labour Party, whatever fault may be found with it, is not open to this criticism. In opposition, it has generally fought hard and well against heavy odds, but that will not win many seats in an election. When it was in office, again handicapped by being in a minority, its record was, to put it mildly, uninspiring, and the programme which is being presented next week to the Southport Conference and to the country is, in effect, an implicit confession of failure in the past and a promise of a bolder policy in the future. This document, *For Socialism and Peace*, is, as we observed in these columns some weeks ago, a manifesto rather than a programme of action. But, no doubt, in the circumstances such a manifesto is called for, and it will be condensed into an electoral programme when the time comes. Its importance lies in the fact that it commits the Labour Party not merely to academic professions of Socialism (those it has made at every previous Conference) but to positive plans of Socialist construction, of a drastic and indeed revolutionary character, to be begun the moment the next Labour Government takes office and carried through at the highest possible speed.

The proposals outlined in *For Socialism and Peace* have two main aspects, foreign and domestic. Of the former we need say nothing here; they are dealt with in a special Supplement to this issue. At home the Labour Government will have a two-fold task. It will set about the socialisation of key industries and sciences—banking and credit, transport, electricity, gas, water, coal, iron and steel, shipping, engineering, textiles, agriculture. The plans for bringing these under public ownership and control have been, or are being, worked out in greater or less detail, and the general principle followed is management by statutory boards or commissions, subject to ministerial control and parliamentary criticism. On the superiority of this method to that of crude bureaucratisation on the model of the Post Office there is practical unanimity among Socialists, though there may be differences of opinion as to the constitution and functions of the boards, and there will certainly be strenuous objection to anything like the pseudo-collectivism of the London Passenger Transport scheme, which leaves the interests of the shareholders rather than those of the community as the primary charge on the profits of the undertaking. Secondly, and simultaneously, there must be a whole series of "deliberate measures of social amelioration"—drastic reforms in public health, housing, education, the prevention and relief of unemployment, and so on. All these things are not to be sneered at as mere "Liberalism." They are vital parts of a Socialist construction, as the Bolsheviks saw in Russia. They are also indispensable items in any programme that is going to win an election; for the man in the street will ask, naturally and justifiably, for birds in the hand as well as birds in the bush.

Nor is this all. The carrying of such a programme will clearly necessitate changes of political machinery. The House of Lords can hardly help being a lion in the path of a Labour Party victorious at the polls and intent on establishing a "classless society." To the abolition of the House of Lords Labour has long been pledged in principle; the only question is how and when the thing is to be done. For ourselves, we should say the sooner the better; but the Executive may be tactically right in not committing themselves to putting the abolition of the Lords at the head of the programme. Besides this, there is the equally or even more important proposal to reform the procedure of the House of Commons. That is not a matter on which strong opposition need be expected from other parties. The overhauling of the cumbersome, dilatory and obstructive machinery of Parliament has long been recognised as desirable by every student of politics who believes in democracy. But to a Labour Government meaning business it will be imperative. It should be observed that there is no suggestion here of setting up a dictatorship, or of destroying the rights of criticism and opposition in the Commons. The Labour Party—and Sir Stafford Cripps, too, despite the perverse misrepresentations of him in the press and on the platform—stand for democratic methods when they are in office, just as they envisage getting into office only by democratic means. Whether they might be forced into the assumption of emergency powers by the conduct of their opponents is another question; but, if they were, it would be those opponents themselves who would be to blame for betraying constitutional government.

Such, then, is the programme for "Socialism in our time." It is assailed by the *Times*, which we may take to represent pretty faithfully the anti-Socialist view in general, as illusory, dangerous, immoral, madcap. All that, of course, is common form, and will wring no withers on the Socialist side. But it is also criticised, with a severity that may surprise the plain man, by the Labour Party's own Left Wing. A number of affiliated organisations, and notably the Socialist League, have prepared a mass of amendments for the Conference. Many of these, and in particular that of the Socialist League on foreign policy, do not strike us as at all happy. But the temper that prompts them is understandable. The Socialist Leaguers are not all doctrinaires, crying "this is not according to Marx"—as stupid a judgment as would have been, for example, a Liberal's criticism of the famous "Yellow Book" on the ground that it would have shocked Herbert Spencer or Mr. Gladstone. But they are ardent Socialists, and they mistrust or doubt the intentions of the official Party leaders, and all the more so since they have seen the move to the Right in the recent Trades Union Congress. They say, in effect, like Queen Katharine in her scene with the Cardinals: "Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts!" This tension between "Left" and "Right" in the Labour movement has been accentuated by personal differences, by the lack of any outstanding and acknowledged leader, and to some extent also by the long absence of Mr. Henderson with his experience and tact from Transport House. In reality the division is not so much between "Left" and "Right" as between the bolder and the timider; in other words, it is largely a question of guts. But be that as it may, it is unfortunate that dissensions should appear at this juncture.

On the other hand, we believe that those who envisage a "split" at Southport, or after it, will find they have made a bad mistake. There will be argument, probably hot argument, and a holocaust of amendments. But the Left Wingers will not break away after the fashion of the I.L.P. a year or two ago. Nor will they be destroyed, and nobody who understands the psychology of parties and the nature of political organisation will want them destroyed. A party that is to be healthy needs a "ginger group" to inspire the rank and file as well as to stimulate the necessary, but sometimes excessive, prudence of its leaders. It is this role of permeating the Labour Party with a more resolute Socialism which the Socialist League is attempting. If it does not prove equal to the task its place will have to be taken by some other body with a similar function.

RUSSIA'S PROBLEMS

[In this article one of the most experienced of American journalists in Russia gives his personal impression of Soviet progress in production, and discusses the unsolved problems of distribution and exchange, and the inefficiency and venality which are still a feature of Russian life.—Ed., *N.S. & N.]*

I HAVE just completed a forty-day trip through the Soviet Union. Beginning at Leningrad, I went to Moscow, then Dnieperstroi—now known as New Zaporozhie—Kharkov, Rostov-on-Don, Tiflis, Erivan, back to Tiflis, from there to Batum, Sukhum, Gagri, Yalta, Odessa, Kiev and now Moscow again. Of these regions only Armenia was new to me. It was my fourth trip to Leningrad, my tenth to the Ukraine, my fourth to the Caucasus, and my second to the Crimea. I investigated the Putilov works in Leningrad, the Frazer tool factory in Moscow, the steel mills at New Zaporozhie, the Kharkov tractor plant (for the third time), a milk and ice cream plant in Rostov, a cigarette factory in Tiflis, a cognac distillery in Erivan, a tea factory in Batum, a wine cellar in the Crimea. I waded knee-deep through the unfinished tunnels of the Moscow subway. I visited an agricultural collective and two state farms near Kharhov, two collectives in the North Caucasus, Georgian mountain settlements, and villages under the snow-cap of Mt. Ararat. I interviewed the assistant president of the Leningrad Soviet, the Prime Minister of Georgia, the deputy Prime Minister of Trans-Caucasia, the acting Premier of Soviet Armenia, the head of the Moslem church in Armenia, the Catholicus or Pope of the world Armenian church, the chairman of the Jewish Social Committee in Tiflis, and authors, cinema directors, factory directors, physicians, nurses, scores of working men at their lathes and on vacation, peasants, hotel managers, waiters, chauffeurs, officials, students, engineers, lawyers, journalists, fellow train travellers, foreign tourists, and children. I spent hours in workers' private homes, peasant huts, courts, rest homes, sanatoria, churches, parks, cafes, stores, etc. Against a twelve-year background, such a six-weeks' intensive study brings the whole scene into sharp focus, and warrants a synthetic statement of the situation.

The Soviet Union is overflowing with energy. The Bolsheviks have split the social atom and released unlimited units of energy which are being directed into the channel of national upbuilding. Russia is quickly becoming a great economic power. Those who took an optimistic view of Soviet prospects have been more than vindicated and the sceptics should soon discover that their emotions are warping their judgment. Everybody is working. Plans involving hundreds of millions of roubles and gigantic enterprises have been fulfilled, are being fulfilled, and are being drafted.

There is no evidence that the revolution is becoming institutionalised or "sober" or conservative. On the contrary, the success which has crowned earlier daring projects encourages even braver assaults on the forces of nature and backwardness. Nor is there the slightest fear that the home market will ever fail to absorb the products of a vastly expanded industrial plant. Rich new natural resources are being developed in the Caucasus and in other regions. For the first time in its history, Armenia is producing precious molybdenum, carbide, and synthetic rubber. She has quadrupled her copper output. Tobacco growing has been introduced; 3,500 hectares under cotton in pre-revolutionary times have become 18,000. At Leninakan, "Armenia's Manchester," a 100,000 spindle textile plant is being constructed; 40,000 spindles are already working. Armenia, likewise, is erecting a big knitting mill, a textile unit for fine prints, a soap factory, and a canning factory with an annual capacity of 100,000,000 cans of fruit and vegetables. Huge deposits of tuff, a porous volcanic rock of delightful rose colour, are being exploited on a large scale and the product sent north or used locally for the numerous buildings springing up in Erivan.

Soviet Georgia, too, is booming. Arsenic, gold and molybdenum have been discovered. The beginnings of an aluminium industry are being laid. Oil mining in Shirak is being expanded. The big ferro-manganese plant opened three years ago is operating now at full blast. Sugar beets have been introduced into Georgia and a sugar factory converting these local supplies started in 1933. A margarine factory was just finished. In two months a giant mill to supply all Tiflis's flour requirements will be inaugurated. Tea cultivation is spreading far and wide. Around Batum I noted many more tea plantations. By 1937, Premier Mgalobleshvili declared, the Soviet Union expects to dispense entirely with tea imports which amounted in 1930 to fifty-three million pounds. Lemon, tangerine and grape fruit orchards are being enlarged. By 1936, 500,000 acres of the Kolhida marches near the Black Sea will have been prepared for settlement. The newspapers are now calling for pioneers to occupy parts already drained. Two and a half million acres of arid soil in Eastern Georgia and Azerbaijham will be put under cotton cultivation by damming the Kua River at Midandukhaura with a wall one kilometre long and sixty-three metres high now in the process of construction. This enterprise will enable the Caucasus to multiply its cotton crop by five. The water power of the Caucasus, once neglected, is being harnessed. To-day the Caucasus produces 310,000 kilowatts of electric energy; in 1937 this will be brought up to 800,000. And this is only one small corner of the Soviet continent.

All cities are bursting their bounds. Kharkov has blossomed into a bustling metropolis. Rostov extends its "Socialist City." Erivan, which had 13,000 inhabitants in 1913, to-day boasts a population of 110,000. It sounds unbelievable but the eye confirms the figures. Kiev, having become the capital of the Ukraine, has been galvanised into life after years of hibernation. Many streets are torn up; many houses are in construction. "Next summer," I was told, "Kiev will be stood on its head. And a year later we will put it back on its feet again." The Bolsheviks hope to make Kiev a finer city than Vienna. Even Odessa, which has lost its significance as a port and is becoming a health resort, has grown. Tiflis alone remains stagnant. During the first Five Year Plan the U.S.S.R.'s urban population increased by 10,000,000.

The villages, too, are dominated by the new Soviet "go-getting" spirit. Collectivisation is so firmly entrenched that any discussion of its permanence is unrealistic. The Soviet harvest this year is not so good as in 1933. In the central Volga region, Western Siberia, Odessa and elsewhere it is excellent. Some collectives I visited had a better crop than last year. But usually one heard that it was worse. Everywhere I went I asked the same question: "Have you any reserves from 1933?" and invariably the reply was in the affirmative; the Russian peasant has been through too many ordeals to sell every last pood of a bumper yield. The Soviet Government exported 27,000,000 tons from last year's grain yield. It is shipping grain abroad now, but one hopes the quantity will not exceed 10,000,000 tons. The vegetable, potato, fruit, and mushroom crops are very high everywhere.

Had it not been for collectivisation, the extended drought would have wrought much more havoc in the grain-growing areas. The wider use of tractors, better agronomical advice and Moscow's insistence advanced the plowing season by several weeks and thus gave spring crops access to more winter moisture. Fallow plowing and extensive weeding of wheat, practices not at all common in Russia, helped to conserve moisture. In hill regions, Kabardina-Balkaria, for instance, streams were hurriedly dammed by the collective efforts of whole villages working day and night; their waters saved the crop of many a parched field. The peasants appreciate that these results would have been impossible under the previous small-holding, individualistic system. But the grain tax is often excessive, and some rural administrators raise it arbitrarily and illegally with impunity. This is an unfortunate vestige of pre-1933 days, which will check the collectives' ardour if it is not stopped betimes.

Generally speaking, then, production in city and village has registered tremendous progress. Distribution, however, is a mess. Part of the difficulty is bad freight transportation by land and water (passenger service has improved), but the trouble goes much deeper. Goods lie in warehouses and rot while the consumer searches for them in one store after another. Widespread inefficiency and endless red-tape bureaucracy are aggravated by equally widespread speculation and the venality of petty officials. The Soviet press regularly prints details of the misdemeanours of store-managers and co-operative employees. But the cancer remains.

Apart from the crudeness of sales methods (no ready-made packages, cutting and weighing of bread instead of baking a standard loaf; standing in three queues each time an article is bought: once to choose it, then to pay the cashier, and finally, to receive the purchase; absence of cash registers, etc., etc.), the root of the problem is the shortage of goods and the consequent price-variation system. After all, when one man pays 60 roubles for a suit which his neighbour cannot get under 400 roubles, there is an irresistible pull towards speculation. Working men, therefore, who receive cheap commodities in their closed co-operatives are speculating as much as anybody else. The workers, what with their double bread ration at low prices and two meals a day with extra bread in their factories, have surplus bread. They can be seen outside the bakeries disposing of it at a profit in order to obtain money for purchases on the free market where prices are high and where one finds goods not available in many co-operatives. The ramifications of this system are endless. Suffice it to say here that the Government cannot yield to the country-wide demand for a one-price arrangement until the rouble has appreciated farther, and such appreciation, in turn, must wait upon an increase in the goods supply. Yet even that hoped-for consummation cannot altogether eliminate corrupt practices by salesmen and managers if the co-operatives do not become real co-operatives. At present they are merely State stores with no control from below.

Meanwhile, however, people are better dressed and better fed. In Moscow, Kiev, Tiflis and Odessa many cafés have been opened which, on an evening, are gay with light and music. Shops everywhere are better stocked. There is no longer any shortage of soap or shoes. (But the cigarette famine persists in many districts, and in Odessa, immediately after an excellent harvest, bread was scarce.) The candy and pastry shops in Kiev dispense sweets of first-class quality. Sugar prices have come down.

People throughout the country look happier. Now the problem of leisure is presenting itself, and it will be interesting to watch the Communists attempt a solution. Amusement parks are crowded; more are needed. There is more dancing, more singing, more sports (Russia had no sports before the revolution), more space devoted to sports in the newspapers, and much more reading of books. The Soviet cinema, however, which used to be the best in the world and perhaps still is, has produced few good pictures in the last two years, and the population feels it. The country wants more interesting films, better drama, and literature of finer quality. Youth that is bored gets into mischief, and one sees young folks on the streets occasionally, especially down south, who are certainly bored.

Russia's politics and economics have advanced beyond Russia's culture and technique. This formula explains most of the weaknesses and shortcomings of the Soviet Union. Yet these very weaknesses emphasise Bolshevik strength, for they suggest how rich the quality of the revolution must be if it can register such progress despite all its handicaps.

LOUIS FISCHER

A LONDON DIARY

NONE of the accounts of the pit disaster at Gresford gives one any material for answering the question whether this horror was avoidable. Perhaps the inquiry will answer that question. I have seen no account of the disaster as vivid as that contained in a long letter sent me by a friend who was on holiday in that district. I will quote a passage from his letter:

> I visited the pit on Sunday afternoon. I estimate the crowd when I arrived at about 8,000. Half of them were obvious sight-seers. Girls in bright-coloured berets and scarves, young men in plus fours, a very large number of children, mingled with the grim, stolid miners on the sliding heaps of coal, which shifted with each new arrival like the scree on a Welsh mountain.
>
> The crowd was silent. No one who has not been accustomed to large meetings realises what that means. . . If anyone had made an announcement it would have been clearly heard by the whole crowd. But near the offices the Salvation Army was holding a service. An old harmonium had been dragged into use. Again and again there floated across the still air the notes of "Nearer, my God to Thee."
>
> . . . Near by was the lamp-room where the miners take their equipment before descending the pit. I was standing opposite the door when a new shift of rescue workers went down the mine. There were some twenty men with, at their head, a grey-faced, haggard giant with a papier-maché tin hat tilted over his singed eye-brows. He was the mine-manager. As he passed a woman beside me said: "That's a man, that's a man!" He had been down the pit continuously since the explosion occurred. He looked near collapse, but as he brushed by me I saw him bite his lip and gesture to the men behind him to follow. They were small, hard-bitten fellows mostly. One was by looks barely eighteen. They looked tough and curiously sheepish. The crowd embarrassed them. They did not want to be heroes, yet they knew the hell that was in front of them. Wise-cracks passed between them and their friends in the crowd. "Grill our sausages for supper, B.N.," called someone. The rescue-worker grinned and waved his hand. Victoria Station, 1916, over again, with the leave train departing.

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A friend just back from Paris gives me an interesting account of two meetings which he attended. He heard Colonel la Roque, the head of the Croix de Feu, speak to a large gathering of his disciples. He had no doubt that Colonel la Roque possessed that "personal magnetism" which is one of the indispensable elements in the make-up of a Fascist leader. Except for the usual reiteration that France must be saved, and that the parliamentary regime is a mass of corruption, he had nothing to say. But he fascinated his audience. He is not an orator; he is clearly not a man of ideas; but he held his listeners by the attraction of a mystic faith in his own mission (which he did not define). His movement is said to be growing in Paris and to have large funds; new troubles in the street are expected when the Chamber meets. La Roque is not a man to find trouble unwelcome.

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My friend also went to a meeting of the "United Front," addressed by Léon Blum and Marcel Cachin. He describes it as a resounding success. The harmony between the parties appeared to be genuine. There was a real sense in the audience that they were united in a common cause. The union of the parties on the Left seems to have been less the outcome of a realisation on the leaders' part that a common danger must be fought than an insistence by the rank and file on unity. Everyone agreed that the pact has been fully observed. It has undoubtedly heartened the working-class in

Paris; and in the provinces it is said to have produced meetings the like of which have not been seen since Jaurès' day. No one seems in the least to know what will happen to France in the next few months. But the workers are admittedly in a much more fighting mood than they were in February. The reactionaries have overplayed their hand, and the result is a wide realisation of the danger to existing institutions. The Socialists are, probably, a long way from power; but they are much more to be reckoned with now than they were a few months ago. Even the Radical Socialists are recovering their spirits; the vote for M. Chautemps was a significant proof that provincial France is largely unaffected by recent scandals. It is doubtful whether a general election round Christmas will do much to change the composition of the present Chamber. My friend is confident, however, that M. Tardieu does not stand to gain.

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We are very far from any such combined working-class activity in this country. I fully understand the Executive's objection to the Communist Party, and I can see that it has grounds for insisting that officially endorsed Labour candidates should not be at the same time members of Communist organisations. But to attack persons because they have spoken and worked for the German Relief Committee is to make themselves ridiculous. The work done at the time of the Leipzig trial would not have been done at all if it had not been taken in hand by this Committee, and it certainly played an important part in obtaining the release of Dimitrov and his fellow prisoners. Several Mayors, Lord Mayors and Bishops, Conservative and Labour M.P.s and distinguished people of every or no party helped in this work, and I should suppose such men and women will always be willing to give help to any humanitarian cause whether the organisers for the movement are Communists or Bedouins. If the Labour Party Executive is convincing in its attack on the Right it will have no reason to fear the Left. Communism in this country would scarcely exist if keen young Socialists could feel confident that Labour leadership was really Socialist and active. The meeting at the end of last week in which the Executive attempted to meet its critics by holding a large anti-Fascist Conference was a striking illustration of the situation. Mr. Morrison spoke ably, as always, but he did not really say much more than the platitudinous Mr. Clynes. Everyone respects Mr. Clynes, but he clearly does not in the least understand what Fascism is or how to meet it. The Executive speakers were continually challenged throughout their speeches by the younger members of the audience, who went away convinced that nothing was really going to be done and that the resolution (which they complained had never been submitted to the organisations called to the Conference) really amounted to nothing. These younger leaders are not Communists, but many of them went away in a Communistic mood.

* * *

I have heard it alleged that Kenya is a slave State. A case reported in the press this week shows that this is not so. Uncle Tom could be flogged to death without the law taking any notice. Kenya is a little, but apparently not very, different. Mrs. Helen Eugenie Selwyn, the wife of a brother of the Dean of Winchester, is being tried at Nairobi on a charge of having personally directed the flogging of six natives, one of whom died in hospital as a result of the beating. She is said to have ordered that blows should be harder and should be given on the thighs, with the result, presumably, of injuring the kidneys. Both the beating and the weapon used are described as "inhuman." Now the case is *sub judice* and I have no notion whether Mrs. Selwyn was guilty or not of this inhumanity. But the extraordinary thing is that it is only the killing or permanent injury of a native which is considered inhuman in Kenya. That an employer may beat his native servant without trial and at his discretion is accepted as the proper thing. But Kenya, as I said, is not a slave State because if a native is flogged to death his employer lands himself in court.

The extraordinary bitterness that followed each contest between the *Endeavour* and the *Rainbow* should, I fear, finally explode the legend, which the Test Matches have already done so much to upset, that international sport is conducive to international harmony. Perhaps its real purpose is to engender so much national recrimination that actual war is unnecessary. The most extraordinary incident, however, seems to me the row over the international women's sports. The manager of one of the defeated teams went so far as to suggest that some of the women competing were not women at all. They apparently shaved and had masculine figures. This, as Graham Wallas once said when the Russell case was scandalising and puzzling England, seems to be "a case for a jury of sensible and experienced matrons."

* * *

Lord Allen's new book *Britain's Political Future* (Longmans, 6*s*.) appears in a splendid red and white and blue wrapper, to show, I suppose, that the next coalition government for which he argues is to be a thoroughly National Government. The book is written persuasively and says many sensible things about the psychology of democratic leadership. Lord Allen does not hint at the name of his English Roosevelt; he has certainly lost faith in Mr. MacDonald whom he followed, mistakenly as he must now on his own thesis admit, in 1931. The book will be most read for its attack on the Socialist League, whose members have, I agree, said a number of unwise things. But as an example of the kind of misrepresentation with which Sir Stafford Cripps has to put up, I recommend the following example from Lord Allen's book. He quotes Sir Stafford Cripps as saying:

> Unless during the first five years (that is of a Labour Government) so great a degree of change has been accomplished as to deprive capitalism of its power, it is unlikely that a Socialist Party will be able to maintain its position of control without some exceptional means such as the prolongation of the life of Parliament for a further term without an election.

He then goes on to castigate Sir Stafford for wishing to prolong Parliament without an election. This is exactly to reverse Sir Stafford's point as anyone may see who carefully reads the passage quoted. What Sir Stafford argues in this passage is that if during five years of office a Labour Government has really carried out the substantial measure of Socialism which the Socialist League is urging, it will be able to appeal to the electorate in the usual democratic manner. If not, he argues, it will land itself in a mess from which it could only save itself by some such unjustifiable method as a prolongation of Parliament.

* * *

The second number of *Out of Bounds* (published at 1*s*. by the Columbia Press, 16 Red Lion Passage, W.C.1), is a lively production. As an example of what a modern public schoolboy may really be thinking about his school and schoolmasters, I recommend "Morning Glory (Sex in Public Schools)," by Giles Romilly. But the magazine is worth the money for this quotation of a schoolmistress's instruction to her school:

> Lord Allen is coming here on Friday to give a lecture on the League of Nations. As it is a Lord, I think the girls might wear white blouses, and they can have an extra hair-wash on Thursday, so that they can look their neatest. When he enters the Hall, we will rise to our feet, and sing "God Save the King." CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to "Bunny."

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

> Lord Nuffield made a protest on Saturday against the practice of buying foreign cars in preference to British. . . . "When I go about the roads of this country," he said, "and see the number of foreign cars, it makes me disgusted with my own kinsmen. One man is thrown out of work for 12 months every time a foreign car is bought. I do not think there is anything bad enough for the person who will patronize the foreigner before his own people."—*Times*.

Seen from many miles away she will appear, like other ships, only a speck on the ocean—a rather bigger speck than a ship of half her size would be if seen from the same distance.—The *Times*.

If we could take a swift aeroplane flight round the world, we should be amazed to see the extraordinary variety of processes by which the Christian Gospel is being integrated into the life of men and nations. We should see the sons of cannibals on the shores of Papua playing brilliant cricket on a pitch of their own making, and building boats and houses, instead of breaking heads—all as expression of the team-spirit that they learn in the Gospel.—*Radio Times*.

And Sir Edward Grey denied a German report that captured French and British soldiers had been found with dum-dum bullets. This favourite atrocity allegation in all modern wars is that the soldier cuts the nickel coating of his lead bullet, so that when it enters the body of the enemy it spreads horribly, instead of making a neat little hole.—*Sunday Despatch*.

Mr. J. Denham Christie, Chairman of Swan and Hunter, presiding at a luncheon, in proposing the toast of the Commonwealth of Australia, asked what, after all, could be better for the peace of the world than that all other countries should disarm and Britain be left with a strong Navy?—*Sunday Times*.

Tripe has acquired a fashion interest. Kid gloves with gauntlets made from "honeycomb tripe" made their appearance at a London dress show to-day. At a distance the gauntlets looked like pale blue lizard skin. But the dressmaker guaranteed them as genuine tripe. —*Evening Standard*.

Memories of the Ghillies' Ball at the castle were recalled by Prince Nicholas. "What impressed us so much was the extraordinary dignity of people belonging to such different classes. I don't think such a thing would be possible in any other country. It would engender familiarity, and that sort of thing."—*Star*.

Russia enters the League. "The ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous."
These words sound the death-knell of the League, which has now welcomed as a member Russia—the Godless, regicide nation, which is established on the very principles which the League was formed to oppose. But it does not matter, for, as we have continually pointed out, the League could not be part of the Divine Plan for bringing "Peace on Earth," for God forbids such human activities, in the words: "Associate yourselves . . . and ye shall be broken in pieces . . . Take counsel together, and it shall come to nought. . . . Say ye NOT, A confederacy." The hordes are gathering at the back-doors of Europe. The words of the Book of the Revelation are fulfilling.—Advt. in the *Morning Post*.

VOLUNTARY HOSPITALS

A logically minded nation would probably have nationalised the existing voluntary hospitals at once, and then codified matters of health under one department of State; but the Englishman has the practical instinct which leads him to leave well alone and judge by results rather than by theories, and, in consequence, though we have a dozen different anomalies, on the whole they make for efficiency.—(*The Romance of the British Voluntary Hospital Movement*.)

BOASTING of one's virtues is bad form in England; but it is very gentlemanly to boast of one's defects, and lack of logic is for some reason supposed to be particularly creditable, But, in fact, do the anomalies of our hospital system, judged by results rather than by theories, make for efficiency? No informed person will maintain that the public health of this country is as good as our present scientific knowledge could make it. Probably half the disease from which the population suffers is unnecessary, the result of poverty, ignorance and neglect. Denmark, Holland, Germany and Switzerland all have public health systems more effective than ours; and Russia, though handicapped by a shortage of doctors, drugs and apparatus, has developed a system which extorts admiration even from the most conservative foreign visitors. In fact, the inadequacy of our voluntary hospitals, even for the work of curing disease, is merely one example, though an important one, of the generally unsatisfactory nature of our public health system. As for the more important function of preventing disease, that is totally beyond the resources of the voluntary hospitals. "Until the patient is so ill that he cannot continue at his employment, he does not enter the hospital. As soon as he is well enough to be discharged, his case disappears from the ken of the hospital staff." In spite of the work done by the out-patients departments this statement, made by the Webbs in 1910, remains broadly true to-day. A large development of the public health system is necessary, based on the notion that prevention is better than cure. But one of the chief obstacles to such a development is that the present system is chaotic. The first step towards order was made when the L.C.C. took over the Poor Law infirmaries; the next step will entail extensive interference with the voluntary hospitals.

Only one-sixth of the hospital beds in this country are provided by the voluntary hospitals (one-quarter if one excludes the beds in the insane asylums). But their prestige is enormous, and in London they control all the teaching with the exception of the new post-graduate school. They perform their magnificent work in an uneconomic way. For they are unco-ordinated, and they are most of them short of funds. They continually appeal for money, sometimes spending in advertisement an amount quite disproportionate to the resulting income. They increasingly (and desirably) take the place of nursing-homes, providing profit-making wards for the middle classes. They extract some payment from almost all their patients. And even so they remain handicapped by poverty. The accommodation, therefore, is insufficient, and also often old-fashioned. Patients have often to be discharged too soon. Moreover, the voluntary hospitals are obliged to overwork and underpay their nursing-staff, and consequently the nursing, especially of convalescents, is often inadequate. The nursing-staff in L.C.C. hospitals, incidentally, is still more insufficient. Nursing is, in fact, one of the worst examples of a sweated industry. It is noticeable that complaints about the conditions in hospitals are now very much commoner than the they used to be—not because the conditions are worse, but because the middle-class people who now go to them, not being objects of "charity," consider that thay have the right to complain. And many of the hospital staffs still consider complaints impertinence. We have in mind some shocking recent cases in which hospital managements have refused even to listen to criticisms, though the facts were plain and the people who complained, competent and intelligent individuals, only anxious to remedy really serious and dangerous defects in the hospital administration. A County Council hospital is run by the elected representatives of the public; but there is no one to represent the patients on the board of a voluntary hospital. If there were a reasonable channel of informed collaboration and criticism we might be saved from the humiliation of such inquiries as that now taking place in Manchester.

It is one of the boasts and glories of the voluntary hospitals that their doctors give their services free of charge (although, of course, in the profit-making wards the patient pays the surgeon's private fee). This system is bad both for the doctors and for the public. The doctors are obliged to enter the dubious competitive life of Harley Street, an obligation which the more high-minded of them increasingly resent. And the patients suffer because the doctors are not resident and naturally place their private practice first. It is not uncommon for hospital patients to go through the strain of preparing for operation only to learn that the operation is postponed because the surgeon is occupied with a private case. If the doctors were paid, as they are in L.C.C. hospitals, they would be sure of an honest livelihood, and the hospitals would have the first claim on their services. As it is, the doctors are obliged to use the hospitals to help them procure patients, often by means which entail jealousy and exclusiveness.

The absence of co-ordination is even graver than the lack of funds. Incredible as it may seem, there is not even a clearing

house to give immediate information about available accommodation; and a patient may die while a general practitioner (we have an actual case in mind) is forced to spend a vital hour or more telephoning to different hospitals before he can find a bed. Lord Cave's Commission, which in 1922 reported strongly in favour of preserving the voluntary system on grounds which do not seem very convincing, recommended the creation of such a clearing-house, and the trustees of the King Edward VII Hospital Fund are in a position to insist upon it. Nothing, however, has been done. Again, there cannot be an expert on every disease even in the largest general hospital, but which hospital a patient goes to is decided by locality or mere chance. And the difficulties of transferring a patient to a more appropriate hospital are very great. For the " Old School Tie " spirit flourishes in hospitals to an extent undreamed of by the public, and the rivalry which finds its noisiest expression in student rags and football matches extends to scientific work. It is only by extreme tactfulness or through personal relations (and not always then) that the consultant of one hospital can examine a case in another. The obstacle thus placed in the way of scientific research is obvious. The consultant, moreover, is dependent upon his practice, and therefore interested in keeping his students from contact with his rivals in other hospitals. In a reasonable system there would evidently be some classification of patients according to their diseases, those requiring surgery of the lung or brain, for instance, being sent respectively to the hospitals which have experts in these different branches. The present unco-ordinated system results in unnecessary loss of life for a proportion of such patients.

Apart from the great teaching hospitals, most of which are efficient except in the treatment of such special cases, there are a number of small hospitals, many of which have no justification for existing. They are often badly staffed, and the only resident doctor may be a young man without experience. Hospitals occupied with special diseases tend to have an especially low standard of nursing, because the better type of nurse will demand a more generalised training. The existence in London of such small hospitals, each with its secretarial staff, its separate appeals for subscriptions, its small-scale purchasing-system, is wasteful and unnecessary, and there is no reason, except the pride of the managing boards and the fortuitous conditions of their foundation, why they should not become departments of the great hospitals.

Any Government which decides to perfect the public health system of this country will have to face the delicate question of how to include in it the voluntary hospitals. The invaluable services which they render entitles them to the greatest consideration, and it should be possible to co-ordinate them under County or County Borough Council control without abolishing their individual traditions or destroying all their independence. But the interests of Harley Street, supported by the particularist pride of the hospitals, are likely to resist any interference with the *status quo*. The L.C.C. hospitals, whether or not the voluntary hospitals come to be included among them, will necessarily play an increasingly important part in the health system of London, and, if some of the unnecessary red tape is cut away, we may expect to see these hospitals commanding the services of an increasing number of the best men to whom the insecurity and competitiveness involved in Harley Street life are naturally repugnant. It is to the interest both of the community and of the doctors (apart from the few who seek to make large fortunes) to make the public health system independent of charity. The preservation of the public from disease is the interest and therefore the duty of the community, and the voluntary hospitals came into existence because the community neglected this duty. The voluntary system cannot be extended to secure the prevention as well as the cure of disease, and even for the work they undertake the voluntary hospitals are by their nature in many ways incompetent. Public health, like public education, is too important to be left to private and unco-ordinated institutions. Charity is no longer enough.

A SCHOOLGIRL IN GERMANY

[FROM AN ENGLISH TEACHER FORMERLY IN GERMANY.]

FAR more important than anything Hitler may say under pressure of circumstances is the sort of teaching actually given to the coming generation in Germany. When I reported my impressions of Nazi education on my return from Germany in June last year, some of my friends, who had not been living in Nazi Germany, urged me to suspend judgment: " It will all come right in the end. They will modify their aims and methods." Hitler has now been Chancellor for a year and a half. It is surely not unfair to inquire again.

I have been hearing from a German girl of ten, who has been spending her holidays with us, what goes on in her school. It used to be a very good *Volksschule* with enterprising teachers, whose experimental work was well known in Germany. Most of the old staff have been replaced by Nazis; two have managed to remain by adapting themselves outwardly to the new conditions, which meant joining either the S.A. or the Stahlhelm. Of the dismissed teachers, only those who were very harmless Liberals or Social Democrats receive a small pension; the others receive none at all, and one at least was imprisoned. The former headmaster has nothing to keep himself and his family on but what he can earn hawking wares from door to door. In many schools in Germany the transmission of some element of human culture is still carried on, but solely through the few teachers who have survived from before the *coup d'état*; under terrible difficulties they try to preserve something of the former ways and to counteract unobtrusively the politicising of all instruction. This handful of brave men and women deserve the admiration and gratitude of the world, and above all of the future generations of Germans. For an indiscreet word, reported at home by a child, would be enough to throw the teacher out of work, pensionless. It requires great courage and tact to carry on in this way. One teacher, for instance, contrives to retain something of the old friendly atmosphere by returning a kindly *Guten Morgen, Kinder* to the mechanically raised hands and *Heil Hitler!* which greet him every morning. This sounds a ridiculously trivial fact to mention, but in the state of things which prevails under Hitler it is an act of courage which may one day cost the man his livelihood. My little informant (whom we will call Else) tells me the children notice it, admire his courage, appreciate his " different " way with them, and hold their tongues.

It seems that some of the more intelligent children are sick of the eternal politics with which they are plagued, and say, " We used to learn much more interesting things with the old teachers." They resent hotly, but in silence, the habit Nazi teachers have of constantly making offensive remarks about their predecessors. They also feel that it is somehow not fitting to fill up religious lessons with Nazi propaganda. (Teachers who are not trustworthy Nazis are not allowed to give religion lessons.) The sort of story told to the children is this, one of the last Else heard. After the murders of June 30th, Hitler retired to Berchtesgaden. An old lady visited him there and asked how he managed to do his great work. His answer was to pull a copy of the New Testament out of his pocket!

The teacher asks leading questions, such as " Who, at the present day, reminds us most strongly of Jesus by his love of the people and his self-sacrifice? " to which the answer is " Herr Hitler," and " Who remind us by their devotion and loyalty of the Disciples? "—" General Goering, Dr. Goebbels, Hauptmann, Röhm(!)," etc., etc. Although the children know perfectly well what the answers should be, and although marks are distributed according to the answers, many of them deliberately hold back, so unseemly does it appear to them to mix up Nazidom and Christianity in this way. The result is that some of the best pupils have very poor marks for religion in their terminal reports. Else tells me that last term, during which her class had two religion lessons a week, there were

only two lessons in which Hitler was not compared to Jesus.

The New Testament is taught in the spirit of the New Germany. For instance, the teacher said of the betrayal of Jesus, *Judas der Jude verriet Jesus den Deutschen den Juden* (Judas the Jew betrayed Jesus the German to the Jews). Else added by way of explanation, *Siehst du, in unserer Religion ist Jesus ein Deutscher* (You see, in our religion Jesus is a German).

Political teaching is given to children of even seven and eight, teaching directed against Communism, Social Democracy and Liberalism at home, against the Treaty of Versailles, France, England, and other nations abroad. Every week the children have to learn a saying (*Wochenspruch*) which they repeat every day for that week. Many of these sayings are designed to instil into the young minds a hatred of other nations, a wildly exaggerated opinion of Germany, and an admiration for fighting. Here is one Else had to learn, a quotation from Schiller interpreted by Nazi teachers in a sense which Schiller did not mean: "You must learn everything; he who will force his way through life must be armed for defence and attack." On the anniversary of the signing of the Treaty of Versailles they had to learn:

Versailles ist Lüge, ist Schmach und Schand',
Versailles ist dein Tod, O Vaterland!
Du bist ein deutsches Kind, so denke d'ran,
Was dir der Feind in Versailles angetan.

(Versailles is a lie, is dishonour and shame, Versailles is thy death, O Fatherland! You are a German child, so think of it, what the enemy did to you in Versailles.)

Two days before Else left for England, the teacher made her read aloud to the class a passage from a book about the Treaty of Versailles, in which England was reviled (*beschimpt wurde*). This she thought rather mean (*ein bisschen gemein*).

Before Hitler came to power, Else was a member of a peace association called the *Weltfriedensbund*. Soon after she came to us, she showed me her badge, which she had brought over to England and wears here. She said, "How nice that here I can wear it again!" I asked if she did not wear it in Germany now. "Oh, no, you are not allowed to wear anything like that."

The school entrance hall is decorated with pictures of the First Sixteen Nazis, and lessons are given on their lives. Of course, every classroom has its picture of Hitler.

Else showed me her notes taken down in history lesson. They had been hearing of the first contact of the primitive Germanic tribes with the Romans, and the notes consisted of a list (very short, it is true) of things that the Germans had taught the Romans or introduced to them, but not a word was said of all that the Romans introduced to the Germans. The impression given was that the Romans made their first contact with civilisation when they met these tribes.

Special lessons inculcate *Deutschtum*, but, apart from them, no opportunity is missed of driving home the idea that the Germans are the greatest and most gifted of peoples, and that they are suffering from nothing but the monstrous injustices inflicted on them by their barbaric neighbours, and such foreigners or hirelings of foreigners (Jews and Marxists) as live in their midst. These ideas are drummed into the children's minds day after day. It is Germany, Germany, Germany, all the time. They have to spend hours learning verses and songs (of very mediocre literary quality) in praise of Germany and the Nazis and fighting or expressing Germany's grievances, e.g., *Deutsch ist die Saar*. New Nazi verses have been added to old songs, while old tunes, at first forbidden, have reappeared with new words; one, for instance, describes the burial of an S.A. man who was shot by Communists and how his comrades swore eternal vengeance. Occasionally the children are compelled to go to some special Nazi-propagandist film; the cost is paid by the parents who often can ill afford it.

The school morning prayer deals with no other subject but Germany, nothing to do with school work, children's needs, their families, and so on, and includes the customary flattery of Hitler, in which even Almighty God is not spared—

Lord, we German children tread before Thy countenance, beseeching Thee to make us as our fathers were. Give us already in our early years a pious mind and strong hands. Protect our Fatherland, this most glorious on earth. Let it be free and united, let it flourish proud and strong. And do Thou protect with Thy strong hands the great and bold Chancellor and the President of the Reich. Bless our leaders. Amen.

What an obsession these ideas are is shown by Else's teachers' contributions to her autograph album, where other people had written or drawn the usual kind of thing. One wrote in large letters:

NEVER FORGET that you are a GERMAN! Be ever mindful of these words!

Else is at this moment writing a letter to her class, as school has begun again. We were making a list of things to tell them about her visit to England. She had been to Quarr Abbey, which is inhabited by French monks, and I suggested that she had better tell them about it. "I'll tell them that we visited Quarr Abbey, but I won't say anything about the monks' being French. You see, Herr X. (the teacher) is so Nazi that he would get angry and only use it to curse the French (*fluchen auf die Franzosen*). And the monks were so nice."

It is not always easy for the authorities to keep up to the demands of the Nazi gospel. Some time ago a visit of the great and bold Chancellor himself to Else's school was announced. They made great preparations and the head master decided that it would be proper for one of the girls to present a bouquet to the Führer and recite a little verse. He hunted through the school for an appropriate-looking girl. She had to be blond, with blue eyes, with pigtails, and well-built—a real little Nordic. To his great distress the only girl in the school who fulfilled all these qualifications was Else, whose parents were known to be of the wrong political complexion. However, as the complexion of her skin was correct and the only other blond girls were either dark-eyed, or undersized, or had no pigtails, she had to be chosen. Else was very chagrined when the visit was called off and she never had her chance! One cannot help thinking that in many districts the schools must have to borrow a girl from elsewhere for such occasions.

It is clear from what my little informant tells me that the teaching in a public elementary school is as deliberately and thoroughly moulded towards certain ends as the propaganda for adults. The ends seem to be: (1) the creation of a morbid self-consciousness as Germans; (2) the creation of an exclusive admiration for the Fatherland combined with depreciation of all other lands; (3) the creation of a conviction that other lands are trying to "do down" the Germans; (4) the creation of a blind devotion to Hitler and National Socialism, combined with violent hostility to every other form of political opinion. To gain these ends, all subjects of instruction are laid under contribution: everything has to *aufpeitschen zu vaterländischer Leidenschaft*, to whip up patriotic passion. The subjects which suffer most from this treatment are history and religion.

Nazi educational policy ignores the nature and needs of the child, and takes advantage of his tender age and inexperience to mould him into a political fanatic, and to feed him on information which every honest student knows to be untrue.

The urgent point is this: does a self-conscious and aggrieved national megalomania, based on compulsory ignorance, compulsory falsehoods, the abolition of the individual's right to form opinions for himself, and a scrupulous prevention of intellectual contact with the rest of the world, breed a state of mind favourable to peace? When one remembers the extreme teachability of the Germans, and the influence of teaching on the nation in the past, as, for example, in the case of the remarkable change, noted in the seventies by Sir Robert Morier (and other observers) which came over the German character in the last three or four decades of the nineteenth century, one has no right to view the present training of the new generation in Germany with complacence.

THE NEWEST DIPLOMACY

The threat of secession from the League is a new form of diplomatic ultimatum (TIMES, Sept. 22).

IF one of a party of roped mountaineers,
Taking umbrage at fancied reflections or sneers,
Should propose, as they traversed a dangerous slope
To secede from his comrades, by cutting the rope—

If a shipwreck's survivors should fail to agree
On their course, when adrift on a turbulent sea,
And one, to give weight to his judgment and vote,
Should threaten, if thwarted, to scuttle the boat—

If a dweller on land a conservancy saves
From certain destruction o'er-whelmed by the waves,
Should object to their rules, and proclaim his dislike
By announcing his purpose to break down the dyke—

They would surely be told (since humanity dares
To admit common sense in its private affairs)
That the kindliest verdict a jury could find
Would be, " Suicide caused by unsoundness of mind " . .

Yet for parallel cases it seems we may seek
In the most up-to-date diplomatic technique.

MACFLECKNOE

Correspondence

MILITARISM AND ARMAMENTS

SIR,—As a pacificist, I prefer openly aggressive nations like Italy and Japan to those who endeavour to hide bellicose natures under the cloak of pacificism.

When Fascist Italy adopts Sparta as its model, and frankly admits that it regards the beating of war drums as the very throbbing of its life's blood, we know immediately how we stand, and need waste no arguments on futile disarmament conferences. When great Powers profess aversion to war and loudly demand rectification of *prima facie* legitimate grievances and much time is spent in detailed arguments, no reasonable person will grumble, for matters of the magnitude of international treaties can obviously not be settled without a great deal of discussion.

But when one realises that there does not, in fact, exist any genuine desire to avert war, and that whilst one group of ministers is stretching forth the olive branch another is surreptitiously negotiating with armament manufacturers, one feels that if the present conditions prevail war is inevitable.

The American arms scandal has brought forth a great deal of discussion on the subject, and much talk of corrupt officialdom. It seems to me, however, that an unfairly large proportion of public anger has fallen on the heads of armament manufacturers.

Although I am personally no great admirer of this section of the community, I cannot help observing that they are, in reality, no worse than any other of the great industrialists, nor are their methods of trading very different. The chief reason for their unpopularity is the fact that they are more directly connected with the production of instruments for the destruction of humanity. But that does not make them nearly as culpable as those that necessitate the use of those instruments.

As an analogy to illustrate my point, one might as well pillory the brewer because his alcohol has intoxicated an habitual drunkard.

BERNARD ADLER

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[We should hesitate to assert that other forms of business commonly employ to the same extent the methods of salesmanship which have been recently proved against armament firms. But our correspondent misses the point. Even if they do so, to abolish the corrupt trade in arms is of more immediate importance than to abolish corrupt methods in other industries because these firms, through their control of newspapers, their devious methods of " influence " and salesmanship, are an important factor in preventing disarmament and making war. To expose and abolish this influence would also be to expose Governments which encourage it.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

SIR,—I am glad to read your note on Mussolini and to find that you now take his war talk seriously. I never regarded these utterances as mere " bombast," but considered him a thorough-going militarist at heart and well deserving the ancient seers' anathema of " the people that delight in war." Such an attitude is, of course, bewilderingly inconsistent in a signatory of the Kellogg Pact, but the signs of the times make one think that several of those who subscribed to that document must have done so with their tongues in their cheeks.

The regrettable recrudescence of the War Spirit is attributed by many, and no doubt rightly attributed, to the growth of a rampant nationalism, which sees in armies and armaments its simplest and surest defence. But is it not time that someone pointed out that even strong nationalism is not necessarily incompatible with the renunciation of war? Those whose national pride revolts at the idea of submitting their country's affairs to a judicial tribunal seem to forget that the alternative is the arbitrament of the sword and that that arbitrament is every wit as uncertain as the other. Eminent Italian counsel, e.g., might with equal chance of success maintain and defend Italy's interests and claims, as her generals in the field, and they could do so with vastly less cost of treasure and no cost of blood.

There remain, of course, the two great problems of finding a sufficiently exalted and confidence-commanding court of law, and a sufficiently strong and effective sanction to support it, but these should not be beyond the wit of man to devise, without waiting for that far-off Utopia which some have envisaged of a World Government which would absorb and suppress all national rivalries.

As for those, particularly the young who have never known for themselves the horrors of war, to whom the glamour of militarism, as preached by Mussolini and Hitler, is appealing, it is necessary for all lovers of Peace to reiterate as a counterblast that fine saying of Sir Wm. Robertson (though himself a great soldier) " War hurts everybody, benefits nobody—except the profiteers—and settles nothing."

W. S. GODFREY

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Bury St. Edmund's, Suffolk.

A NEW WAY TO PEACE?

SIR,—May I draw the attention of your readers to a Resolution on the Agenda of the Labour Party Conference standing in the name of the Hampstead Division?

> Realising that the inequitable distribution of land, markets, and raw materials among nations is the basic cause of wars of expansion, and in order to remove the reasons or excuses for them, and to provide machinery for peaceful change, this Conference calls upon the National Executive Committee to include the following clause in their Manifesto on Foreign Policy :—
>
> A Labour Government would instruct its delegate at Geneva to press for the appointment of
>
> (1) A Permanent Economic Arbitral Court to settle on broad grounds of equity, international disputes of a non-juridical character; and
>
> (2) A Permanent International Land Commission for the allocation by mutual consent, of undeveloped territories for colonisation by the surplus populations of overcrowded countries, all territorial concessions being made contingent upon pledges of disarmament, and to be held under the Mandatory System.

This Resolution is designed to bring into the realm of practical politics an academic idea which has been expressed by many experts, namely, that the League should establish machinery for peaceful change in the rights of nations.

The surface of the earth is at present parcelled out in blocks of land and spheres of national interest which bear no scientific relation to the populations of the States which happen to possess them. These conditions, giving rise to jealousy, fear, suspicion, and economic rivalry among nations, have now become the primary causes of war. Culminating in the aggressive and defensive impulses stimulated by that natural instinct of self-preservation on the one side, and of retention of property on the other, these primitive forces are easily exploited by vested interests, armament firms, and personal ambitions.

It is not suggested that all frontiers should be readjusted, and all treaties scrapped, but it is definitely urged that disputes arising from economic or territorial claims, which would at present be considered inadmissible by the League and the Permanent Court, should be laid before an impartial tribunal (upon which every nation, whether a member of the League or not, should be represented), whose awards would be based upon a scientific assessment of the needs of the claimant state, and not upon existing treaties

and international law. In other words, these awards would be based upon justice and not upon past victories of the strong over the weak.

Since these "non-juridical" disputes are the ones most likely to lead to war in the not far distant future, the provision of machinery to deal with them adequately seems to be the sanest and most urgently necessary policy which could be adopted by the League of Nations.

MARY HALL

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POLAND AND THE JEWS

SIR,—Mr. Robert Dell writes in his article, "Russia enters the League," that "Jews demonstrated in favour of Col. Beck in Warsaw." This is contradicted by the *Jewish Chronicle* of September 21st, which says that "The Joint Foreign Committee of Jewish Delegations have lodged a protest with the Polish Foreign Minister." The reason for the protest was the fear that the scrapping of the Minorities Treaties would give intolerance a free hand for further oppressions.

Incidentally, the injustices under which the Polish Ukrainians are suffering are discussed. They are not alone. To quote the *Jewish Chronicle* again: "Col. Beck will perhaps explain why the remaining Jewish teachers are suffering dismissal from the Polish Government's elementary schools, why Jews are in fact practically barred from the Government service, and why the municipal and State subsidies are, according to the Polish press, being withdrawn from the Jewish schools, and Jewish children are forced into the non-Jewish schools where they are compelled to violate the Sabbath, to the distress of their orthodox parents." "For long an unofficial *numerus clausus* has operated in the higher schools, including the universities." Also there is a great deal of discrimination against the Jews in the matter of appointments or promotion in the public services, or in the allocation of State contracts. In the light of these statements the Polish claim for revision of unfulfilled treaties appears ludicrous.

L. BILMES

ENGLAND'S BEAUTY

SIR,—Your article on England's Beauty with special relation to Buttermere and the Whiteleaf Cross must strike an answering chord in most of your readers' minds. It would surely seem ideal to be able to call on the State to come to the rescue of beauty in distress and so, without the paraphernalia of an appeal or the degradation of begging, secure the building or view or wood which we have learned to love.

But I should like you to consider whether there may not be a fallacy involved in the attempt to secure the desirable by a compulsory levy from those who do not desire it. I will not appeal to the principle that the function of government is to prevent the injury of one individual by another and not to force the governed into virtuous ways. I would rather suggest that the method of raising funds which you so graphically depict is the one which fits the burden most accurately to the back which can bear it.

The landowners, to whom it is most endeared, take no doubt the greatest share in preserving a threatened point—often, as you say, at considerable sacrifice; the persons living close by do what they can in providing funds and take the most active share in arousing public opinion; all classes in the neighbourhood do something to help in smaller subscriptions; and lastly, people scattered far and near over England who have a knowledge of the place and its needs, glad that their surplus funds should be used to perpetuate beauty in the form that most appeals to them, give, as in the case of the Whiteleaf Cross, with a liberality which should earn them a niche among the public-spirited.

Not that the Cross is itself in any danger. That lies in the threatened building which would take up much of the foreground now leading the eye by suitable gradations on to the full view of the vale of Aylesbury.

It may prove difficult to get all the money wanted. That is one reason why the Whiteleaf Cross Committee is organising a public meeting to appeal to the county spirit; to those people who, having many calls, like to know exactly what the need is and how their money will be spent. If, as we believe, sufficient funds will in the end be forthcoming, those who are collecting it will know that no one has given unwillingly, that no one's burdens have been made heavier by a rate or tax for which they cannot provide; the lovers of the country will have come to the rescue of the countryside.

ROGER N. GOODMAN

THE HERRING RATIONALISED

SIR,—In your issue of September 1st you published a letter from Max Nicholson questioning your description of the Herring Report as "of the familiar type in that it aims at eliminating redundant producers, and that the consumers seem likely to be called upon to foot the bill." In the following issue S. C. Leslie also commented favourably on the "common-sense suggestions for widening the market" contained in the Herring Report and condemned the past tendency to shelve "recommendations other than those directed to the immediate interests of the producer." In your issue of September 22nd a mysterious Mr. "K" criticises both your correspondents and yourself. In order to save space the two of us have got together and framed this joint reply.

Mr. "K" does not attempt to face the issue of protecting the consumer, which was the subject of both our letters. He agrees that "it may be a weakness of the Act as at present administered that too little is heard of the consumer," but he concludes that "by the creation of Producers' Boards, whether for herrings or hops, whether nominated or elected, we have raised novel and semi-autonomous powers within the State, and that these will have to be met by some counterbalancing force if equilibrium is to be maintained." If Mr. "K" will define what he means by "some counterbalancing force" your readers may be in a position to judge whether he has any constructive contribution to make towards the solution of this fundamental problem. For our part, we are both eager to find the right answer to the question of safeguarding the consumer, and we welcomed, as a partial move in that direction, the signs in the Herring Report that the producers might be given specific encouragement to pay due attention to consumer-marketing. In the meantime we cannot accept the argument that a Board whose members owe their appointment entirely to Ministers is not more likely to consider consumer interests than a Board the members of which may and do lose their seats at an election to the champions of a producer's "ginger group." If we could organise consumer interests at a stroke there would be a case for maintaining undefiled at the producer's end the principle of economic democracy which Mr. "K" upholds. It is a grand principle so long as it is not interpreted to mean a free hand for organised producers regardless of the interests of unorganised consumers.

This is a very large question, which cannot, unfortunately, be disposed of in a scratch debate. A brief reply is, however, necessary to the particular questions addressed to S. C. Leslie. The answers to these are (a) that he was comparing the Herring Report, not with previous reports, but with the rather different schemes actually adopted, and was urging that the Herring Report should be saved from a similar distortion; also that the administration of such "key" schemes as milk and bacon does not yet encourage the hope that market elasticity is understood to be a vital factor, for good or ill, in the problems of both industries: (b) that the hops and sugar marketing schemes are examples of schemes actually envisaging the permanent constriction of the industry; and (c) that a rise in selling price with no increase in effective demand may well mean an increase in the producer's but not in the national income, whereas a rise in effective demand with no rise in price will lead to an increase in the national as well as in the producer's income.

S. C. LESLIE
MAX NICHOLSON

THE LONDON THEATRES

SIR,—To your issue of September 22nd Mr. Ivor Brown contributes an article entitled, "Where War is Wanted," drawing a picture of the English Theatre deep in one of its deeper sleeps. An interesting parallel to this article is Mrs. B. L. King's letter on "The Moscow Theatre Festival."

It has lately become the custom among a certain set of critics to postulate the vitality of the London theatre in the success of such plays as *The Late Christopher Bean*, *Richard of Bordeaux*, and *Musical Chairs*. These plays are not vital plays in any single respect whatsoever. It is no more a sign of theatrical vitality that Bernard Shaw's plays are now extremely popular than it is a sign of musical vitality that Beethoven nights at the Queen's Hall are very well attended. In fact, it may easily be shown that the opposite is the case. The theatre, as well as the other arts, is now "headed" rather than "led" by a small number of not-so-very-interesting individuals, each entirely unconcerned with what the others are doing, and all apparently quite oblivious to the fact that they are so far removed from the conditions of their time

as to be talking almost another language as far as those for whom the theatre should be a living necessity are concerned.

The London Theatre is a vivid example, regretting that it is an example of anything, of the collapse of values in art throughout the world during the last decade. Standards and faiths will be restored not by a revival of go-as-you-please liberalism but by highly disciplined co-operation and community life on the part of everybody. When art to-day makes one of its ever more infrequent appearances, for the sake of art, it looks naked and ashamed. What was art is now a practical method in the application of which people are learning to regain their consciousness of self. The German Youth movement was a result of this desire to combat liberalism and teach people the way to live instead of leaving it to be stumbled on by the chosen few. England is rapidly becoming a hotbed of little unpretentious groups of all kinds providing a direct proof that the world is slowly moving into line.

Civilisation is wintering, and we who are suffering from the barrenness of the vegetation around must concentrate on burying our roots in good deep soil, that in the spring we may produce a bud that is full and healthy. D. H. Lawrence gave his own and subsequent generations the choice of "art or life." Without being conscious, for the most part, that it is a choice, this generation is choosing life. That is why Mr. Ivor Brown must not measure the vitality of the London Theatre by the number of arguments he hears waged in foyers. His "Young Drama" does not come as far as the foyer. He starts nearer home. He knows that Shaftesbury Avenue is just what the people who like it like, but he likes something very much more genuine.

Mrs. B. L. King gives a sketch of the Russian Theatre. Its methods appear to be inspiringly opposed to ours. Far from sitting back and grousing when it fails to draw the town, it takes its work right into the factories themselves and plays to those who ordinarily never think of entering theatres. It is virile and living, and virility and life are what is needed by the man to whom the world is a set of undirected contradictions and iconoclasms. I shouldn't so exalt the Russia of Mrs. King's letter if it wasn't that the same thing is already happening, in a small way, in England. I have already spoken of the group movement, and this is not abstraction and theory but fact. Young men in England to-day are concerned with immediate contact with the people. They are organising them in groups for singing and dancing, they are becoming psychologists and schoolmasters in considerable numbers. The New Drama, such as it is, believes in actual, almost physical contact between the actor and his audience. There is nothing to be gained by the Young Drama forming a wedge in the gallery and booing at sophisticated first nights. That can only be done when it is vitality against vitality or death against death. The Young Drama must be sure to see that a new can be created before there can be any worth in smashing the old, and this needs all the energy and direction of purpose that he can muster. Certain it is that the seeds have been sown in the way I have described, and I hope Mr. Ivor Brown will live to see there appear in the London Theatre, not new stars, but a great strong sap-filled stem with a large sticky pointed bud at the top.

JOHN ALLEN

CHRISTIANITY, ORTHODOX AND HETERODOX

SIR,—Your contributor Harry Roberts under this title makes the interesting statement that "the outstanding distinction of Christianity is its recognition of the sacredness, the divinity of the individual man, woman and child." Quite so. But there is more in it than this, for Christianity is a religion, and religion implies faith in God, as well as beliefs about man.

The problem before Christianity to-day is to rid itself of many outworn beliefs which have been proved manifestly untrue, some on scientific, some on historical and some on moral grounds. Mr. Dark, speaking for the Anglo-Catholic contributors to his volume, says "we can repeat the Creeds *de fide*." One would like to know exactly what he means when he repeats these words of the *Quicunque vult*. "Whoever will be saved: before all things it is necessary that he hold the Catholick Faith. Which Faith except everyone do keep whole and undefiled: without doubt he shall perish everlastingly. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son; and to the Holy Ghost."

Many modern-minded Christians think that these ideas and others that are similar are outworn and should be excluded from the Christian faith. But they are often told that they must hold the traditional Christian faith in its completeness, or resign the Christian name. But why? Scientists are permitted to say that they and their predecessors have made mistakes. Why may not theologians do the same?

J. K. NETTLEFOLD

Octagon Chapel, Norwich.

MILITARISTIC SCHOOL BOOKS

SIR,—Having recently attempted to secure copies of the new German history books for schools, which, I found, are not yet ready, but whose attitude, when they are ready, will doubtless cause a stir amongst almost all parties in this country, it was interesting to inspect the text-books used in our own elementary schools. Of the two used by the top form of the L.C.C. school which I visited one traced the development of the Empire up to the Boer War; the other, in some respects quite a well-produced little book, contained, in the midst of a completely one-sided account of the causes and course of the Great War, sentences like the following:

> . . . A revolution took place . . . and the Russian Empire was soon in the hands of mad fanatics known as Bolshevists.
>
> . . . . Rumania was soon overcome by the forces under General Mackensen, who acted, as the Germans did everywhere during the war, with shocking inhumanity.

R. H.

Miscellany

AMERICA LAUGHS AT HERSELF

A CAPACITY for self-criticism is on balance a gain in the dilemma of living. In nations its prevalence indicates that a people has grown up. When the Dubliners howled their hatred of Synge they proclaimed themselves in very truth the Playboys of the Western World. Americans, though always freer than older nations from the shackles of "good form," have only recently acquired the capacity for enjoying the joke of seeing themselves reflected in a satiric mirror. Aided by the depression which has knocked from under them the proud boast of a country which has alone solved the problems of economics and politics, they have acquired a robust appetite for self-derision. This appetite provides the raw material for that new school of satiric musical comedy which is perhaps America's first original contribution to the art of the drama. Scorning the intrigues, the artificial romance of girls in humble station falling for gay seducers from Ruritanian duchies, and all the "little emptiness" of musical comedy love, these new plays have their ingredients so mixed that they serve their aim of social satire. Swift could sit in Dublin and nurse his spleen against humanity, and reach humanity not at all. The expressionistic protests in drama against a mechanistic age have been listened to, for the most part, on Sunday evenings by the new "précieuses ridicules." But Mr. Kaufman and Mr. Ryskind, the pioneers of this new American drama, reach out to the hoi-polloi with their message that all is not well with God's own country.

Their ancestry is doubtful. Aristophanes and Gilbert have a claim to be godparents, but there is no blood relationship. The Greek was more circumscribed in his attack, and our own Gilbert more polite. His mockery in *Patience* of what was after all only a very small circle, "murmuring platitudes in stained glass attitudes," has little in common with the scythe-like action of "Let 'em eat cake." His picture of Westminster in *Iolanthe* as a place where all the members must leave their brains outside and vote "just as their leaders tell 'em to" is gentle and kindly beside that indictment of the corruption of American politics which is *Of Thee I Sing*. It is often suggested that Parliament is out of touch with the urgent needs of the nation, but we have yet to suggest that a Cabinet Minister shall solemnly rise and say:—

> Mr. Chairman, Gentlemen, I crave the indulgence of this august body while I say a few words in honour of my wife's birthday

(applause). And I move you, Mr. Chairman, that the Senate appropriate 5,000 dollars for flowers to be sent her on this historic occasion.

America is the victim of words and often of words without meaning. A professor of economics the other day delivered himself of a scholarly address on "an economic contribution to the problem of foreign affairs." Respectful applause greeted his conclusion. The following speaker began: "Professor X. has given us a learned address, but I think he has missed the essential point—what the world wants is more brotherly *love*." Deafening applause rewarded this observation. The word is a password to *libido*, and so the party organisers in *Of Thee I Sing* run John P. Wintergreen successfully for the Presidency "on the one-word platform: Love." A cabinet crisis is solved and the indignation of a nation assuaged, when Mary, his wife, makes a discovery of pregnancy as historic in its consequences as that of the earlier royal Mary, the victim of Macaulay and his warming pan. So these authors mock the sentimentality of a country which can reproduce Whistler's portrait of his mother on a postage stamp, "in memory and in honour of the mothers of America."

Maybe it is all a question of manners. On this side we hesitate—even if the law permitted it—to ascribe to our rulers anything but worthy motives. They may be stupid but they are well-intentioned. Such a sketch as *The Hoovers Leave the White House* in the revue *As Thousands Cheer* would be inconceivable here. Mrs. Hoover is represented as removing with her as much as she can carry. The spoons, the radio aerial, even the Gilbert Stuart portrait of George Washington himself, nothing is sacred from her determination to leave nothing behind "for those damned Roosevelts." Her husband remonstrates but he is brushed aside with: "Well, Henry, we ought to get *something* out of your being President." To which he replies: "Why, no one else did." And the audience rises to a man. Over here it may be that the political world grows Lilliput, but at least it is believed that Lilliput does its best with honour and integrity.

Not even the nation's god, education, is immune from mockery. In that lovely play, *The Moon in the Yellow River*, which can be seen at the Westminster Theatre, the line which aroused the most excitement in the Cleveland audience was: "Education? The performing of illegal operations on natural instincts." And the mockery is fiercer, less compromising, more unkind. A comparison of *Punch* with the *New Yorker* is all the difference between mother's milk and vitriol. But America likes the savage satire of Peter Arno, loves his cartoon of the typical matron presiding over a meeting, who rises to say: "Ladies and gentlemen, there are still three members not elected to any committee." And for wholehearted hatred of all that is cruel, narrow, and intolerant, expressed in terms of paint, a contemporary picture in a Baltimore exhibition, called *Daughters of Revolution*, is without equal. Three "ladies" sit in various attitudes of taking tea and talking scandal, and a whole Dunciad of indignation has gone into their painting. When Americans criticise they do it with no half-hearted anger. It is the mood of Ben Jonson at his most savage, the mood in which he wrote *The Alchemist*, that astonishingly modern exposure of quackery. England could do to-day with another Jonson to expose the quackeries that beset pseudo-analysis.

In a country where a new craze is born overnight there is need for the laughter which exposes folly. A new cause is Universalism, which claims that the whole world is awaiting the Solar System. Its manifesto proclaims that the colour of Universalism is white, its flag is white, its shirt—notice this practical touch, for no cause can hope for survival with no shirt to its back—is white, "white as the light of love." This latest activity of the charlatan in religion calls for the pen of Mr. Sinclair Lewis for its chastisement. But, the more's the pity, Mr. Lewis seems to be coming to terms with the world that yesterday was his anathema. For fourteen years he has "rubb'd the sore" and withheld "the plaster." Now he has abandoned his contemplated novel on trade unionism in the U.S.A., after a year spent in the company of Labour leaders learning the map of the country. Instead he produces *Work of Art*, a novel drained of his ferocity of indignation (and therefore of his merit) and extolling the virtues of a man who gets quietly on with his job. Maybe he has wearied of cauterising the nation, but the nation is the poorer for his defection. Poorer because America has always been more willing to listen to Mr. Lewis than has England to her own critics. Poorer, too, because in a country where revolutionary changes can occur in the space of a few weeks the ground is more promising for the fruitful work of critic and satirist. George Meredith's words on the Comic Spirit express at once the need for satiric criticism and the response that America is making to the urgency of need, for the critics are for the most part proving equal to their moment. "Whenever it sees men self-deceived or hoodwinked, given to run riot in idolatries, drifting into vanities, congregating in absurdities; whenever they are at variance with their professions, and violate the unwritten laws binding them in consideration one to another—the Spirit overhead will look humanely malign, and cast an oblique light on them, followed by volleys of silvery laughter." But in America what follows is more profitably the poison-gas of satire than the innocent laughter of comedy.

JOHN GARRETT

NOCTURNE

THIS shall be for a hymn
When the house is asleep.
Silence shall hear it; the dim
Lamp, the dull fire, the deep
Owl-sentried darkness beyond
The panes, the orchard, the pond;
These shall hear it, further it
With hissing of wick,
Falling of charcoal stick,
With mousing beak;
And then, since it is human and weak,
Benight it, smother it!

RICHARD CHURCH

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Moonlight is Silver." Queen's Theatre

Articles often appear on why people do not go to the theatre: such plays as *Moonlight is Silver* provide the answer. Miss Clemence Dane has managed to think of one situation—a wife being driven by her inquisitor of a husband into confessing a non-existent adultery. This would provide a good scene with which to end a first act, and the rest of the play could show the consequences, comic or tragic, of the lie. Miss Dane postpones the scene till the end of the second act, and then the play merely collapses in anticlimax with the husband being very unconvincingly convinced of his wife's innocence. The lie, in fact, has no consequences whatever, except perhaps one sleepless night in separate beds. The material used would be skimpy for a one-acter, and it is padded out with scenes so ostentatiously irrelevant that one cannot attend to them. It is astonishing that the author of *A Bill of Divorcement*, an extremely effective play in the French Boulevard style, should produce now a work so entirely incompetent. Most good plays are packed with material—look how much you learn about the lives of the characters in Ibsen or Maugham. The characters, if you can call them characters, in *Moonlight is Silver* have pasts which you could describe on the back of a penny stamp. The trouble is that Mr. Noel Coward has succeeded with plays as unsubstantial as a man of straw, and so other dramatists kid themselves that they can do the same. And, what is more, Miss Dane, for a moment in the first act, looked like getting away with it. For Miss Gertrude Lawrence plays the principal part, and if she read aloud the Telephone Directory she could make it sound amusing. But in this play it was painfully obvious that she was putting her best foot forward, and sometimes she seemed to be parodying her own slithering speech. Also in her more dramatic moments her articulation suffered. A specially good cast wasted their fragrance on this Sahara of a play. Miss Martita Hunt, a most excellent actress, had to wrestle with a speech which would

floor a Bernhardt, and Miss Helen Hayes hardly even had a speech to wrestle with. Mr. Barry Jones made half a brick without a single straw, and Mr. D. Fairbanks, Junior, looked very winning. The elaborate "interior decorator" scenery seemed very well fitted to the play it adorned.

"Antony and Cleopatra"

Mr. Henry Cass, until recently producer for the Croydon Repertory Theatre, has began his season of plays at the Old Vic with *Antony and Cleopatra*. It is, of course, a "difficult" play for the stage (chiefly because managers have fought shy of it, and so there is no accepted theatrical tradition), but Mr. Cass's version, though full of blemishes, is worth seeing. It has, at any rate, the advantages of directness, speed and movement; and the acting is always good enough to hold one's attention. Miss Mary Newcombe's Cleopatra may not belong precisely either to Shakespeare or the Nile; but, with a few lapses, she speaks the lines well, and makes a vivid impression. It is perhaps characteristic of her performance that she is best in the scenes of rage and jealousy. Antony, too—Mr. Wilfrid Lawson—scowls handsomely, in fierce preoccupation, and keeps a more open countenance for the Romans. Together, they achieve intensity rather than royal passion and tragedy: they succeed, though, in filling the stage. The Romans—Octavius (Mr. Alec Clunes), Enobarbus (Mr. David Horne), Lepidus (Mr. Alan Webb)—are all good. It is a pity that the clash and precision of the battle sallies should have been marred at times by an undercurrent of music and the tableaux of four excessively heraldic heralds. The performance, as a whole, goes well; more could be made of the poetry, the sensuous magic of Enobarbus' description of the barge, and the superb final scene; but though Mr. Cass has missed much he contrives an energetic and moving play.

"Androcles and the Lion"

Androcles and the Lion has migrated from Regent's Park to the Winter Garden Theatre in Drury Lane. The Open Air Theatre Company show some uneasiness in cramped surroundings; the tempo on Friday was wrong and the voices had lost something of their quality, but this is only a matter of settling down. Mr. Leslie French as the Captain is as good as ever and Mr. Andrew Leigh's Androcles, impossible as it may seem, has improved: he made the audience aware of the honour of a tailor. The lion (Michael Martin-Harvey), whose figure was royally unaffected by a meal of Spintho, is adorable. Lavinia (Miss Margaretta Scott), enchanting in Regent's Park, suffers here from unsympathetic stage scenery, and one missed Sir Nigel Playfair as the Emperor. Mr. Oscar Asche looks the part, but his performance was clumsy and lacked humour. The new Megaera (Miss Eileen Beldon), on the other hand, is first-rate: her voice rings out, she is not afraid to act the publican's daughter. It is difficult to understand why Sydney Carroll should have prefaced Shaw with a bad translation of Molière's *L'Amour Medecin*, acted with creaking slowness, but an entertainment like *Androcles* is worth waiting for.

"The Moon in the Yellow River," at the Westminster Theatre

Though not consistently brilliant this play shows a rare sense of the theatre and inclines one to expect great things in the future from its author, Denis Johnston. It has some clichés, and some commonplaces in the way of character drawing, but it is more acute in its ideas and would probably repay examination better than any play running in London. The main theme is the good old one of the conflict between the purposive human being—the man who must be quite certain that no day passes without his soul and his pocket showing an accountable profit—and the Yeats-man, who wants above all to embrace the moon in the yellow river. A German engineer managing a power-house on a lonely part of the Irish coast serves mainly as chorus and interrupter, while various types of active and inactive idealist—neighbouring Irishmen—come in for the sympathy and the satire. They are all escapers from life one way or the other, either through the action of playing with revolvers or the inaction of playing with model railways. There is too forced a detachment in the drawing of the German. In such surroundings Mr. Godfrey Kenton, in spite of a fine performance, had trouble to keep up any tense interest in the part. Mr. Esmé Percy gave a sensitive performance as the chief man of inaction. His tendency to destroy the natural rhythm of a sentence in attempting to give it distinction was less prominent than usual, and he seemed to enjoy the part enormously. The Westminster Repertory Theatre must be congratulated on its enterprise. The run is for a fortnight only.

"No More Ladies"

In plan the new comedy at Wyndham's is simple, and dangerously unoriginal. First act: two young people decide to get married, knowing that the result will be appalling. Second act: the result is appalling. Third act: they decide to make the best of it and try again, knowing . . . etc. This story is decorated with a few slight and quite usual character studies, and one less slight and less usual one for Miss Ellis Jeffreys, and it is played in a reasonably gay manner. The tenuous first act promises that any serious consideration of the married state is against the rules, and that there is to be nothing but the bandying about of flippant gossip and naughtiness. The author tactlessly infringes these rules, and before the evening is half over he is gaily implying that all marriage is a farce, laying down the law about give and take, and so on. Mr. Arthur Margetson and Miss Ann Todd seem under a cloud at first, but that is merely because they know what is to come later. Miss Ellis Jeffreys has no truck with the author, and plays her own little play from the beginning with some success, having most of the best jokes. There is talent that ought to be mentioned in a character study by Miss Jane Welsh, her part being just the right length to stand the strain of the caricature.

"Nell Gwyn"

In *Nell Gwyn*, at the Leicester Square Theatre, Mr. Herbert Wilcox and Sir Cedric Hardwicke continue the work, begun by Mr. Alexander Korda and Mr. Charles Laughton, of debunking English sovereigns. *Henry VIII* was not a wholly successful film; but it was redeemed by good direction, a fine setting, and a certain boldness and cheerfulness of presentation. *Nell Gwyn*, alas, has none of these virtues. Like so many historical—or pseudo-historical—films, it is much less dramatic than history. As played by Anna Neagle, the bold, boisterous, good-tempered strumpet of Drury Lane is reduced to the level of a not very amusing modern show-girl who speaks Cockney with a slight American accent. The treatment of the story falls between two stools; it is neither meticulously archaeological nor sufficiently anachronistic to command attention on its own merits; it has been jazzed up, either too far or not far enough. Sir Cedric Hardwicke *looks* magnificent as Charles II, and might act magnificently, were the script a little less vapid.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, September 28th—
"Streamline," Palace Theatre.
"Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Sadler's Wells.

SATURDAY, September 29th—
Lamond, Beethoven Recital, Wigmore Hall, 3.
"The Snow Maiden" and "Madame Butterfly," Sadler's Wells.

SUNDAY, September 30th—
W. H. Kerridge on "Religion in Soviet Russia," Conway Hall, 11.

MONDAY, October 1st—
"As You Desire Me," Royalty Theatre.
"Miracle in America," Gate Theatre.
Ballet, Sadler's Wells.

TUESDAY, October 2nd—
Madeleine Slade (Mirabai) on "Mahatma Gandhi: A Man of God," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
"Lucky Break," Strand Theatre.
Zorina, Song Recital, Wigmore Hall, 8.30.
Prof. Laski on "The Prospects of Democratic Government," Lecture Hall, London School of Hygiene, Keppel Street, 6.

WEDNESDAY, October 3rd—
Triennial Music Festival, Leeds.
"Hi Diddle-Diddle," Comedy Theatre.
Lamond, Beethoven Recital, Wigmore Hall, 8.15.
Miss Kirsti Olin on "A Finnish University Student's Outlook on Finland," 25 Wimpole Street, 8.

THURSDAY, October 4th—
Mrs. Janet Chance on "Why I Returned from the U.S.S.R. a Confirmed Socialist Leaguer," Transport House, Smith Square, 8.
Miss Sylvia Pankhurst on "The Home Front," 29, Gordon Square, 6.
Rudolph Dolmetsch, Harpsichord Recital, Wigmore Hall, 8.
"Hyde Park Corner," Apollo Theatre.

FRIDAY, October 5th.
Mrs. Janet Chance on "The Realistic Handling of Home Life," Conway Hall, 7.30.
"The Cherry Orchard," Tavistock Little Theatre, 36 Tavistock Place.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

WHEN the reader embarks upon a story by William Faulkner he finds himself standing, as it were, in darkness with a rough-spoken hostile guide, breathing the fumes of corn-whisky at him; a flickering lantern swings from a twitching nervous hand and reveals strange implements in glimpses. There is a peculiar smell; a sensation of being buried; but presently a crack of light appears and, turning a corner, he emerges into daylight and from the mouth of the tunnel sees before him a scene of savage grandeur; oil-derricks, maybe, or planes circling over the battle front, grey waters lipped with foam, or gaol walls. . . . Such an experience naturally impresses the imagination, and produces a feeling of complacent self-satisfaction in the reader who is apt to reflect: "Not everybody would care for that sort of adventure; not everybody would understand that fellow—but I very soon got the hang of where I was." Thus Mr. Faulkner flatters his readers; they feel rather fine fellows for having read him. This is unusual in the relation of author and reader. One does not feel intelligent because one has been reading Aldous Huxley, cultivated because one has enjoyed Mrs. Woolf, or intuitively profound after a novel by D. H. Lawrence. We admire such writers because of their books. But we admire ourselves for having read Faulkner's as much as we do him for having written them.

* * *

"He has the most precious of gifts, a vigorous creative imagination," wrote a reviewer whose words are quoted by the publishers upon the wrapper of Faulkner's latest volume of stories, *Doctor Marino* (Chatto and Windus, 7*s.* 6*d.*). His imagination is vigorous, no doubt, if vigour implies violence of subject and of expression, for these stories deal with murders, wing-walking acts, jammed torpedoes, strange mysteries and daemonic possessions. They are told with "vigour," from odd angles; we look at them through strange minds and put them together from scraps of strange dialogue. But more remarkable than the "vigour" of the imagination are its limitations: we are always standing in the darkness, in the tunnel, we always feel buried alive, before we look out upon and apprehend the subject. The latter, indeed, does not count for much; it is most fortunate, exceedingly fortunate, that it does not. For these wing-walking death-drags and jammed torpedoes are, as subjects, the very stuff we meet in every magazine—they are hackneyed beyond description; it is due to this rather than to any "vigour of creative imagination" that some of the stories published here have already appeared before the larger public of the *Saturday Evening Post*. Such a story, for example, is *Death-drag*, which describes how an aeroplane flown by an unlicensed pilot arrives at a small town to give a performance in which a man jumps from the plane to the roof of a hired car:

> Jake drives the car, the rented car. Ginsfarb swaps onto the car from the ladder. Jock said he would have to fly the ship into position over a Ford or a Chevrolet running on three cylinders, trying to keep Ginsfarb from jumping from twenty or thirty feet away in order to save gasoline in the ship and in the rented car.

The story or anecdote depends on the meanness of the Jew Ginsfarb, who swings on the end of a ladder, running impossible dangers and screaming that he won't do his act unless the gate money totals 100 dollars, while the pilot holds the stick between his knees in order to shake his fists at him. This stuff is dramatic and spectacular; it is swallowed as "the inside dope," the very stuff that national advertisers like to see in the text squeezed between their colourful pages. *Turn About*, a story which I have seen singled out for special praise, seems to me to be, as a story, on the even lower level of the Boys' Own Annual; sentimentality is added to the crude appeal of the subject. Yet this stuff that Faulkner has provided for the magazines often has other merits: sometimes it is really filled with "vigorous creative imagination." There is nothing in this volume to equal *Red Leaves*, a wonderful story of Indians and Negroes, told in the most grotesque parody of Faulkner's manner, yet triumphing over every absurdity, which appeared last year in *These Thirteen* (Chatto, 7*s.* 6*d.*). But in *Doctor Marino*, *The Hound* is a very fine story and *Wash* is a magnificent piece of melodrama.

* * *

The plot of *Black Music* is as follows: Mrs. Van Dyming, the vulgar wife of a millionaire, intended to put up a "community house built to look like the Colosseum and a community garage made to look like it was a Acropolis" on a vineyard of wild grapes in the woods. Little Mr. Midgleston, the architect's clerk, sets off with a bundle of blueprints of these monstrosities to meet her, but on the way he sees "not a man's face because it had horns and not a goat's face because it had a beard." Thereupon he drinks whisky, buys a whistle-pipe, takes off his clothes and possessed by the god, scares Mrs. Van Dyming forever from the haunt of Pan. Unfortunately, E. M. Forster did not write just that story twenty-four years ago in *The Celestial Omnibus*—nothing of Forster's is quite so obvious. Yet *The Story of a Panic* and *The Curate's Friend* show how close he came to it. The relative importance of subject and of the author's approach could not be better illustrated than by the comparison of these charming pieces with *Black Music*. What is the essential difference which does not depend on any changes in fashion which may have taken place in a quarter of a century, or on the language in which they are written? It is, I think, that Forster's stories deal primarily with individuals; his subject is complicated by the varying reactions of three-dimensional people. Faulkner's little Mr. Midgleston and Mrs. Van Dyming are merely lay figures only individualised just so far as is necessary for the anecdote to be told about them. Forster is interested in character, Faulkner only in the flavour which he imparts to the story by the manner of his approach.

* * *

Faulkner's invariable sameness, the feeling of standing in darkness, of being down a tunnel, is brought home vividly by reading *Honeymoon*, Malachi Whitaker's last volume of stories (Cape, 7*s.* 6*d.*). After the monotonous smells of the excavations, ash-heaps, Negroes and whisky, the freshness of these stories is astonishing and delightful. There is never a spark of humour in Faulkner; this Yorkshire woman is full of it. Her people are alive and changeable: they surprise us and themselves by their unexpectedness. *Salem Street* shows her at her best: Nellie, the builder's daughter, was not used to men, but she met the packer who was not used to women and they married. One evening her husband began to read a library book about personality while she was knitting.

> She often started knitting things with grey or fawn wool, looking at directions in the free pamphlet given with the wool. But always something went wrong so that she rarely got an article finished. She would go on repeating the directions, and had once made a sleeve a yard long, going helplessly on from the book, feeling it was not right, but not knowing where until she reached the very end.

"We haven't much go about us," says her husband, looking up from his reading and they decide since, they must launch out and show their personality, to visit her brother, a peculiar man who "never believed anything he was told and was always trying to verify facts." He is an accountant and has done well in life; they enter his hall and, finding nothing to say to him, go away. On the way home they stop, go into their first pub, drink two glasses of port each, decide they were rude not to inquire after the brother's wife and children and go back to have the door shut in their faces. We know them and we love them; for everyone of us has at moments been what they are and has made mistakes comparable to theirs. Laughing at them, we are laughing at ourselves. *The White Line*, *Eve*, *Burden of this World* have all this freshness of life, this way of reminding one of an experience. Other stories are feebler; only one, *X*, is a fake all through. Whereas in this volume of Faulkner . . .

DAVID GARNETT

NEW NOVELS

The Invaders. By WILLIAM PLOMER. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.

The Huge Shipwreck. By KATHLEEN FREEMAN. *Dent.* 7s. 6d.

Women Must Work. By RICHARD ALDINGTON. *Chatto and Windus.* 7s. 6d.

Andrews' Harvest. By JOHN EVANS. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.

There are certain aspects of contemporary life over which English novelists still feel obliged to draw a semi-transparent veil. Homosexuality is a case in point. Not long ago, I was reviewing two stories—one by an American novelist, one by a German—that both dealt, more or less courageously, with a sentimental relationship between persons of the same sex. Mr. Plomer might raise serious objection if his new book, *The Invaders*, were to be labelled a homosexual novel. Indeed, the main characteristic of the method he has adopted is that he attempts, so to speak, to give us the framework of a homosexual situation, while implying that his protagonist—in the letter, at least, if not in spirit—never laid himself open to the savage penalties prescribed by the Criminal Law Amendment Act. His chief character is not a congenital "pervert." He is merely a somewhat nerve-shattered and extremely lonely and disillusioned relic of the great war who finds it difficult to settle down as a member of a conventional middle-class household, and seeks romance and variety among his "inferiors." Thus, he scrapes acquaintance first with Tony and then with Chick. It is for Chick, a young soldier—the brother of his cousin's housemaid—that he feels the liveliest and most disconcerting affection; but Chick proves unworthy of Nigel's regard. We leave Nigel, soothed and enlightened by his experiences, "calm and resigned . . . hopeful about the future."

Impossible to summarise the book in a short paragraph. Its principal weakness, I cannot help thinking, is that Mr. Plomer wishes us to understand that Nigel was "in love" with Chick—just as definitely and painfully as, given a different temperament, he might have been in love with Chick's sister—but does not commit himself to this assertion in so many words. Yet evidence of Nigel's love keeps peering through; he is infatuated, obsessed, jealous; and though a puritanical reader has every right to assume that the relationship remained perfectly platonic, a shade of ambiguity seems to cloud the narrative. Which is a pity; for the story begins very well. Mr. Plomer starts off with an adroit presentation of three or four main characters. There is Nigel himself, victim of war and of the devastating post-war ennui:

> At school and in the trenches he had got used to discipline and the limitations of a life in which men govern men. He was no stranger to pettiness, cruelty and hardship. Danger had been in the air he breathed. . . . A thousand images of the experiences he had passed through haunted him, waking and sleeping. And then, in the prison camp, he had to get used to a more insidious distortion than ever of what he would have supposed to be the impulses towards a balanced and happy life, and he tried harder than ever to create some sort of personal relationship which should be quiet and constant and real in the midst of a phantasmagoria. But everything was pulled out of shape. The very horizon threatened uncertainty and suspense. The little touches of nature that comfort and charm seemed merely unreal—a tree in leaf, an unexpected kindness, were somehow painful. . . . A chance remark took on a vast significance. . . . A piece of good luck seemed a wicked trap.

There is his uncle—a brilliant and unkind portrait—his cousin and, finally, Tony, the young man who has drifted south, on the tide of unemployment, to look for the work that London cannot provide.

So far, the effect of the book is vivid and promising. Mr. Plomer is an unusually intelligent novelist and an unusually penetrating and sensitive observer. In his new book, I am afraid, these gifts are displayed piecemeal, rather than in the cumulative impression produced by the entire story; for that impression is indefinite and hard to resolve. It tails off and there is a curious slackening of interest. Though *The Invaders* contains several very well-written, and one or two uncommonly moving, passages, the dramatic elements of the narrative fail to combine. At the end, we are left a little in the air. We have enjoyed the story; yet we close the volume perplexed and unsatisfied.

Miss Freeman is a less ambitious novelist. Mr. Plomer gives us a panorama of modern London, of the crowds seething round the Marble Arch, and of the hand-to-mouth existence of coffee-stalls, lodging-houses and park-benches. He draws a symbolic picture of the post-war universe. Miss Freeman's characters, on the other hand, live in a small and secluded world, a society of adolescents, guarded from every untoward outside contact, but abandoned to the tempestuous influence of their own emotions. In short, here is a story that depicts a girls' school. We follow the relationships of a number of young girls, whose sentimental interactions are prolonged into adult life. The atmosphere of the book is remote and rarified. Estella, Veronica and Cordelia are delightful creatures; even Sadie is not without her charm; and, as described by the novelist, they emerge in a faint but agreeable frieze. The book is fastidiously written, if vaguely constructed, and should revive the memories of many an "old girl."

Miss Freeman's maidens are reserved for a life of opulence. It would be horrid to imagine Estella, with her pale, smooth skin and her sulphur-yellow hair, fingering the prosaic keys of a typewriter, and a fortunate ancestry preserved her from this fate. Mr. Aldington's protagonist is a middle-class working-girl. From home, she runs away to an office; from her office, when her employer tries to seduce her in a taxi-cab, she takes wing to become the secretary of a cultivated and sympathetic woman, connected with the pre-war Suffragette movement; thence falling in love, stooping to folly and, after the birth of an illegitimate child and numerous adventures and misadventures, rising to financial independence. The story is interesting, if not particularly arresting. *Women Must Work* strikes me as far better written than *Death of a Hero*, or *The Colonel's Daughter*; but Mr. Aldington's satirical method still suffers from the extreme directness of his likes and dislikes. His more odious characters are marked for obloquy at the very beginning; thereafter, he blazes away at them till they are reduced to dust.

Andrews' Harvest is realism *à l'Americaine*. It is safe to prophesy that readers who succumbed to the somewhat specious fascination of *The Postman Always Rings Twice* will revel in the meaty melodrama of this "powerful" tale—the story of an American farmer who loses his wife, but marries the wet-nurse whom he has imported in her stead. Their marriage is recorded by the last paragraph. During the interval, they make love, the child dies, there is a blizzard and a quarrel, and the errant wet-nurse is lost in snow. Strong stuff, retailed in a style of heavy simplicity; touched with the sentiment that few realists contrive to avoid.

PETER QUENNELL

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WAR IN THE AIR

The First War in the Air. By R. H. KIERNAN. "Great Occasions" Series. *Peter Davies.* 5s.

A great occasion, yes, and to be remembered even when saying "Never again"—and yet one which is not at all easy to get into significant shape in two hundred small pages. The trouble about the war in the air is that civilians are apt to get a very sharp and simple picture of it which falsifies its proportions and obscures its meaning. They see a duel in which two winged weapons curve and flash at each other high above the unimagined miseries into which the war on land had coiled itself. In escaping into the air, war had for the moment taken with it some rags of its ancient glamour. The weapons were new, the technique was experimental, but the spirit was older than the sword, old as the club and the axe. This is why there was more popular outcry against the sacrifice of a handful of young men before they were trained to fight their air duels than against that of thousands who were lost as they stuck in the mud of Flanders. It is true, as Mr. Kiernan points out, that there was much less disposition among the British than among Germans and French to throw searchlights upon the doughtiest of fighting pilots. None the less, if the aces and knights of the aerial pack of cards were not specially marked for the British public, they could easily pick them out for themselves. To do so was a natural reaction towards something vivid and glorious which had survived the war of mass, mud, and high explosive; but it missed most of the major points of the game.

Mr. Kiernan is fully conscious of this. He holds the whole pack in his hand and manages to sketch the rules of the game as it developed between the British and the Germans on the Western Front. He does not forget that the twos and threes were often trump cards, or that every card was apt to be a knight. Nothing could be more just than his tribute to the crews of Bristol Fighters and the like who had most of the vital work to do and none of the glory. As early as the Marne Retreat it was discovered that aeroplanes were really the new eyes of the army, and most of the later development in the west was an elaboration, on this basis, of photography, wireless communication and armament, with the necessary superstructure of fighters. Yet this book fails in its special purpose, because it contains too many aces. Mr. Kiernan has an enormous field to cover, and too often impedes his progress with trivial biographical baggage when he is advancing nicely. Work of this kind moves most powerfully in swift light strokes, as in Mr. Kiernan's description of the Administrative Wing left in England at the outbreak of war:

> One clerk and one typewriter, a confidential box with a pair of boots in it, and a lot of unpaid bills incurred by various officers in the Flying Corps during the rush to the Front.

There are too few such significant flashes in this book.

The first war in the air was an extraordinary outburst of energy in which politicians, scientists, engineers, industrialists, and professional soldiers all played a part. Mr. Kiernan only attempts to evaluate two factors in this complex of forces—the development of technique and strategy. He confines himself almost entirely to the British and German duel in the west, and argues that the long-drawn-out technical struggle, a neck-and-neck affair in which first one side and then the other took the lead, was dominated in the end by superior British strategy. According to this view there were several periods—for instance, when Fokker produced his solution of the problem of firing a machine-gun through the propeller—when the British would have been beaten if German strategy had equalled their technique. It is not always clear from Mr. Kiernan's account why their advantage was not pressed home, but he is clear and convincing on the doctrine of the unremitting offensive associated with Trenchard's command. He argues that the British learned from the French after their defence of Verdun that the only way of ensuring the continuance of one's own reconnaissance and the frustration of the enemy's is to pin his fighters behind their lines. By a merciless use of his personnel Trenchard was able to maintain the war in the air over German territory, even when it should have been over British, and this turned out to be the deciding factor. This strategy was conceived and executed in terms of fighting aircraft, but its object was the protection of reconnaissance.

It is a pity that Mr. Kiernan has so little to say of the side-shows, where current ideas of air power as a police-force in mobile warfare first came to birth. A sketch of Samson's exploits against the Turks would have been both picturesque and valuable. Nor is he very illuminating on a subject which would be more germane to a second war in the air than it happened to be in the first. The first war stopped when the German long range bombing effort was spent, and just before the British reply was launched. Mr. Kiernan's comment is:

> The naval side of the air war, as instanced by the bombing raids and the use of heavier-than-air machines against the submarines and surface vessels, suggested certain possibilities in future wars. Attacks on enemy munition centres, which are usually in cities, with more powerful missiles than were used in the Great War, seem likely to occur, even if there is no deliberate bombing of civilians, an abstinence possible from fear of reprisals. The potentialities of the submarine, with which Britain more than any other country is threatened, because an undue proportion of her foodstuffs and raw material is imported, are lessened by the development of aircraft. On the other hand, the great battleships seem to be fairly open to torpedoes and bombs from the air. . . .

To say so little, and so tentatively, on what faces us to-day was hardly worth saying at all.

BARRINGTON GATES

A BENEVOLENT DESPOT

The Revolutionary Emperor. By S. K. PADOVER. *Cape.* 12s. 6d.

The latter half of the eighteenth century in Europe witnessed a mushroom growth of enlightened sovereigns: a last brave attempt on the part of monarchical government to justify itself as a political system. The writings of Montesquieu and Voltaire exposed the illiberal tendencies of absolutism and the reactionary character of the Church, while Rousseau in his *Contrat Social* proclaimed the startling doctrine that all men were equal. These works were industriously perused by the crowned heads of Europe, the most intelligent of whom made every effort to put into practice the theoretical conceptions of the French philosophers. That they were bound to fail was partly due to opposition from the vested interests of the aristocracy and the Church, partly to a natural misapplication of the principles involved. It seems clear that Frederick, Catherine and Joseph immediately saw the advantage to themselves of limiting the power of the nobles by liberating and educating the Third Estate; but beyond this they would not go. The resulting "benevolent despotism," a compromise between the conflicting political ideologies of absolutism and democracy, collapsed with the meeting of the States-General at Versailles in 1789.

The enlightenment of these enlightened monarchs was not entirely confined to the political sphere. Most of them were ambitious of literary fame. Frederick flirted with Voltaire; and imitated, disastrously, his verse. Catherine composed lyrics to a regiment of lovers. Gustavus and Stanislaus, more modestly, occupied themselves with letter-writing. And Joseph, while he professed the utmost contempt for the literary ability of his royal rivals (and rightly), was not above trying his hand at the same game. But his particular liberal pursuit was travelling. He called himself the coachman of Europe. Not content with a first-hand knowledge of the topography of his own Empire, he visited at one time or another nearly every part of Europe, and made himself acquainted, under the name of Count Falkenstein, with the institutions and peoples of most of the great powers. (But, to Voltaire's chagrin, the coachman drove past Ferney without stopping and without a word of explanation.)

For some years after the death of his father, Francis I, Joseph was not able to overcome the profoundly conservative and religious outlook of Maria Theresa. It is probable that the obscurantism of the mother fostered the anti-clericalism of the son. Mr. Padover gives us an interesting view of the Empress in the following quotation:

> The Emperor Francis, my husband [she wrote in her prayer-book] lived 56 years, 8 months, 10 days; he died on August 18, 1765, at half-past nine in the evening. This means he lived 680 months, 2,958 weeks, 20,778 days, and 496,992 hours. My happy marital life lasted 29 years, 6 months, and 6 days; this makes 29 years, 335 months, 1,540 weeks, 10,781 days, and 258,744 hours. Widowhood is a penance, a preparation for death. Four things should occupy it; more frequent use of the holy sacraments; prayer; reading of spiritual works; charity and penance. The Old and New Testaments should be read; also the works of the Holy Fathers, histories of the church, and lives of saints. A widow should especially concentrate on the Psalms, the Songs of Solomon who teaches to despise the world, and Job from whom one learns patience.

Only ἰδιῶται will fail to read Mitchison's

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With Introduction by Cripps

GOLLANCZ 14 HENRIETTA STREET COVENT GARDEN

With such a partner in the government of the Empire—engrossed in her beads and her mathematics—the enlightened Joseph must have been driven near distraction. Indeed, his bitterness increased, but he found some relief in the writing of ironical reports for his mother on the condition of the State; and when things became too maddening the Emperor of Austria could always visit a distant province, or Paris, or Naples as plain Count Falkenstein. It might have been supposed that, while his reactionary mother lived, Joseph would have resigned himself to a life of distraction—thus avoiding the emotional danger and exhaustion of a conflict. But we are told "that he knew neither love nor gallantry." Durand reported to Louis XV:

> Journellement, il passait une demi-heure chez la fille de son jardinier, montrant au reste par la brévité de l'entrevue que l'engagement n'allait pas au dela du besoin.

In 1780, Maria Theresa died, and Joseph was free to put into practice his liberal reforms. One of his first acts was the systematic codification of the laws. Mr. Padover writes:

> In his penal code Joseph showed all his eighteenth-century enlightenment. The death penalty was abolished and brutal punishments, which existed everywhere in Europe, were done away with. . . . Joseph's penal code abolished the crimes of witchcraft, apostasy, and marriage between Christians and non-Christians. A distinction was made between civil and political crimes. . . . The significant thing was that the new code recognised no distinction between classes. A criminal was to be treated as such, whether he be a duke or a serf.

He next turned his attention to the Church. He passed an Act of Toleration, modified the very strict censorship of anti-clerical books which had hitherto existed, suppressed most of the monasteries, and assisted in the destruction of the Jesuits. Finally, "the Bishops, at their installation, were compelled to swear an oath of obedience and loyalty to the secular authorities." One of his most intelligent and humane reforms was in connection with the liberation of the Jews. No other monarch in Europe dared to put the Jews on an equal civil footing with the rest of his subjects. But Joseph abolished the disgraceful yellow badge they were forced to wear; permitted them to attend the State primary and secondary schools, or to build schools of their own; allowed them the free exercise of their religion; and gave them complete liberty of action in commerce, industry and banking. On this subject, Mr. Padover concludes:

> The Emperor commended the Jews to all his subjects and officials, urging the latter to respect them in their persons and rights, and never to show them contempt. Insult or violence offered to a Jew, the Emperor warned, "will be sternly punished," for the Jews must be considered as "fellow-men."

His economic outlook was governed by his desire to lighten the intolerable burdens of the poorer classes: he allowed no privileged exemptions from taxation; and payment was made in proportion to income. It is a sad commentary on the greed and stupidity of mankind, and on the slowness with which the civilised and humane ideas of the few are accepted by the many, that poor Joseph was forced to retract most of his reforms in the last two years of his reign. But he had made a beginning which was further speeded up by the French Revolution. In many ways Joseph was greater than his more famous colleagues.

Frederick and Catherine, while they might dabble in the arts and speculate on the universal brotherhood of man, did little of a practical nature to prove the sincerity of their views. But Joseph, racked with pain and with his Empire toppling about him, still fought a losing battle against the reactionaries step by step; and managed to retain, even on his death-bed, many of his most important reforms. His love for his fellows was intellectual rather than emotional—with the possible exception of his first wife. In later years he conducted an intimate correspondence with his brother Leopold; but the two hardly ever met. His relations with his mother were, as one might have expected, difficult and obscure. He loathed everything that she stood for, but appears to have been fascinated by her personally; and he generally avoided the complexities of their conflict in sudden flights from the capital.

Mr. Padover is an authority on Austrian history of this period, and his scholarship is profound. He is, however, historian rather than biographer in his present work. The facts and figures of Joseph's reign and his civilised outlook are admirably discussed—even if the Emperor, as a man, hardly exists. But with this small criticism the book can be commended to the public as an important contribution to the history of Europe just before the French Revolution.

RICHARD STRACHEY

A GARDEN MAKER

Gertrude Jekyll. A MEMOIR BY FRANCIS JEKYLL. *Cape.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Like the other visual arts, gardening fell into decay in Victorian England. It is still possible to find public gardens in the provinces which preserve this bad tradition—crescent or star-shaped beds planted with geraniums, calceolarias, begonias and other tender plants bedded out from the greenhouse. For our grandfathers could make anything ugly, even a garden. But a revolution in taste has occurred, hardy plants have been ennobled, and sound principles developed for the treatment both of the wild and the formal garden. Apart from Mr. Robinson no one played a more important part in this revolution than Miss Gertrude Jekyll, both in theory—she wrote a dozen or more books about gardening—and in practice—she designed or helped to design some four hundred gardens. She began as a student of painting, but devoted herself increasingly to such occupations as gilding china-stands, inlaying iron, carving bellows, japanning clocks, embroidering pomegranates on serge, making blotters in silver *repoussé* and constructing the legs of tables with cotton-reels. Her success in such work was great and, like the rest of the art-and-craft workers who littered England with unnecessary objects, she would probably now be forgotten except by her friends, if weakening eyesight had not obliged her to give up these enjoyable activities. Owing to this fortunate misfortune she concentrated her energy increasingly upon gardening, an art in which she had always been interested. And her training as a painter helped her to develop the notion of designing "colour schemes" in gardening, a new notion then, but now so successful that it has become a commonplace and often a pretentious bore. Miss Jekyll was thorough in everything she did, and her importance as a gardener came from a combination of "artistic" ideas with a profound knowledge of everything to do with gardening from tools to manure. The wild garden was her first love and her most important invention: it was an improvement on the traditional *jardin anglais*, a wooded glade in which drifts of bulbs and primulas and foxgloves grew in a carefully calculated disorder. Her own house was built for her by the young Lutyens, whose collaborator she afterwards became. But later she interested herself in formal gardens, and came to enjoy the garden statuary which in her earlier period was her special hatred. This ability to develop her taste was great strength, but inevitably it failed at last. Beginning as a Ruskinian, she came to admire the Impressionists; but she had been born in 1843 and the best art of the twentieth century never came within her understanding.

Mr. Francis Jekyll's book begins with a charming description of a Victorian childhood, and a diary of a visit in 1863 to Rhodes, Ephesus and Constantinople. The rest of the book is full of the scents and sounds of country life, the traditional ways of sound craftsmanship, and all the good things which industrial life is taking from us. Miss Jekyll knew and understood them all. The frontispiece shows a portrait of her by Mr. William Nicholson, in which the querulity which sometimes emerges in her books appears on her face—she looks like an equally self-willed but less feminine Queen Victoria. Mr. Jekyll has had the piety, one suspects, to soften her traits, but the portrait emerges of one of those remarkable "characters" which English spinsterhood so often develops. The book contains part of an appreciation by Mr. Pearsall Smith of Miss Jekyll, on account of phrases particular to what she called the armigerous classes. It seems likely that what she and Mr. Pearsall Smith considered armigerous was merely old-fashioned. Mr. Jekyll has done his work extremely well, and his book can be recommended even to those who know very little about gardening.

THE GUNPOWDER PLOT

The Trial of Guy Fawkes and Others. Edited by DONALD CARSWELL. (Notable British Trials.) *Hodge.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Although we shall always remember the Fifth of November, as the nursery rhyme bids us, the trial of the conspirators has had no such persistent glory. It is a notable trial, not a famous one. As a sensation, it was bound to fall a little flat after the dramatic discovery in the cellar. Nor could the course of it arouse much speculation, for the verdict was a foregone conclusion by the time those plotters who were not already dead were brought to trial. Historians have usually denied any mystery to the incident, presenting it as a deep-laid Catholic plot discovered

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at the last moment. And so it may be, but the facts lend themselves to variant readings, none of which can yet be proved as the true one. Mr. Carswell, who examines the progress of the plot in a careful introduction, points out this difficulty. As opposed to the Protestant view, Catholic writers have claimed that the so-called conspiracy was a Government "frame-up" to suit its political ends. (This view seems rather a bold one, in face of the undoubted activities of the men concerned.) Thirdly, a more cunning theory suggests that the Secret Service became early acquainted with the plot (its inception dates from March, 1604), but held back, or even encouraged it, until all the conspirators were thoroughly involved.

There are certainly some curious features in this excessively simple plan. For instance, mining went on unsuspected for three months through the wall of the house Thomas Percy had contrived to rent. When the mining scheme had been proved impossible, one Mrs. Bright chanced to move out of a cellar (or was ordered out, according to another reporter) which would admirably serve their purpose; and nobody saw thirty-six barrels of gunpowder arriving to be stowed in it. Then, the opening of Parliament was twice postponed, as though to give the conspirators more time for preparation. And even when the anonymous warning reached Lord Monteagle his retainer Ward was given the letter to read, and informed the plotters. They seem to have had extraordinary luck throughout. Yet, when the time came, although they had taken flight before the news was out, not one escaped.

The original papers relating to the trial are not abundant. In this volume Mr. Carswell prints the report of "The Trial of Robert Winter, Thomas Winter, Guy Fawkes, John Grant, Ambrose Rookwood, Rob. Keyes, Thomas Bates, and Sir Everard Digby." The greater part of this report is occupied by the speech of the Attorney-General, Sir Edward Coke, who took the opportunity to denounce the Jesuits and their doctrine of equivocation. Turning suddenly to astrology in the course of his "observations," he remarked that the mine was begun when the sun entered Capricorn; "noting that by mining they should descend, and by hanging ascend." It sounds quaint in our ears, but no doubt posterity will find tinges of similar superstition in some modern legal invective. After this report comes a "History of the Plot," said to be written by King James himself, but this is to be taken as a compliment rather than a fact. Finally, we have the Trial of Henry Garnet, Superior of the Jesuits in England. His case is interesting. Placarded as a traitor after the discovery, he fled and hid in a priest's hole until lack of food and air forced him to give himself up. Wiles instead of torture were successfully employed to procure his conviction. Coke, again prosecuting, indulged in some typical attorney's wit and dwelt upon his essay on equivocation. Garnet defended himself in particular and equivocation in general, yet could not equivocate to freedom. He was hanged three months after the other conspirators had been executed.

Guy Fawkes himself, like Milton's alleged hero, has not lost all his original brightness under this benevolent examination. There he stands, still guarding his gunpowder, while his fellow fireworkers are galloping away. Superior to them, he crashed his way into the prayer-book of the Church of England. The thanksgiving to be used yearly on the Fifth of November for the happy Deliverance only included as an afterthought of destiny "the happy Arrival of His Majesty King William on this Day."

SYLVA NORMAN

THREE STORIES OF TROILUS

The Story of Troilus. As told by Benoît de Sainte-Maure, Giovanni Boccaccio, Geoffrey Chaucer, Robert Henryson. Translations and Introduction by Prof. R. K. GORDON. *Dent*. 8*s*. 6*d*.

Prof. Gordon might have called his book a Troilus Omnibus. There is no attempt at scholarship or criticism—an imperfect glossary and an almost negligible introduction hardly count. It is an omnibus volume pure and simple.

At first view there is something so pointless, so almost feeble-minded, in the whole idea that it provokes an outburst against the age we live in. But is it really so pointless? Of course it ought to be. The three last poems (Benoît may be set aside) are no doubt separately accessible, and we could bring them together without help from anyone. But do we? How many people read the *Testament of Cresseid?* how many read *Il Filostrato*, or

have troubled to reread Chaucer in the light of it? Being lazy, can we resent the assumption that we are lazy?

Then by all means let someone kindly spare us every ounce of effort that we can be spared—present us with Boccaccio, Chaucer and Henryson in one volume, and translate, explain, cajole us by any means into the pleasure of reading *Troilus and Criseyde* with our eyes open. Surely Chaucer meant his readers to have read Boccaccio—whom he so pointedly does not quote as his original, whose love-lorn attitude he counters with teasing professions of his own utter inexperience, and whom he makes a point of outdoing in chivalry on all occasions: translating, for instance, the Italian's apposite but ungallant moral into a humble apology to women for his heroine's falsehood—*he* is not responsible—"Ye may hir gilt in othere bokes see"—and winding up with a caution most unexpected in the circumstances: "Beth war of *men*, and herken-eth what I seye!" His gentleness to the false Criseyde is another correction of the lover Boccaccio, who drops her with such untender promptness: and the poem is full of minor sparkles of Chaucerian freakishness, which are lost if we do not know what he is glancing at. Then, it is most edifying to see how he transforms Boccaccio, while translating pages of him almost word for word. The Italian poem scarcely conceals a certain hardness beneath all its chivalry; nothing in the English one is more endearing than its moral bloom, its wonderful atmosphere of charm and goodness. Chaucer creates a social life enchantingly civilised because of the enchanting kindliness within; and the love affair is the flower of all this beauty. Boccaccio's Troilus was an honourable young man, a constant lover, but the touching goodness of Chaucer's hero is another thing, and brings with it into the poem a more exquisite, irresistible pathos, a new depth of tender feeling. And those rare and fleeting moments of "high seriousness"—not Boccaccio's—how their very shyness and evas-iveness increase their power! This is the last wile of Chaucer the "arch-coquette"—he "still holds off," he never surrenders to us entirely: but *Il Filostrato* certainly seems, at least, to bring us nearer. Besides, the "faults" of Chaucer's poem, the digressions and wilful absurdities, are pure adornment if we are supposed to have read the same story told in a business-like manner by an expert raconteur: from a mere tale it may now become a little world.

Henryson's poem, stiff, literary, full of verbal weakness, yet stands alone: it is perhaps least Chaucerian at its very greatest. *Then* it sounds, as on a gong, one low note with an intimate and most painful vibration: it is much farther from realism, whatever has been said, than Chaucer, but it has a *reality*, at its best, almost unbearable. There is something old about it; the gilt and gloss of life are all worn away; even generosity is almost silenced by too clear a perception that it can change nothing. The induction alone is comfortable reading here; how extraordinarily present that winter evening in Dunfermline, the bitter wind and the snug fireside, have remained through time!

Prof. Gordon has provided an occasion for enjoyment, then, undoubtedly; but his credit ends there. His translations (into prose) are not much more satisfactory than his introduction, and the book owes him nothing else. Is it enough to have thrown these poems into one volume?

K. JOHN

DETECTIVE NOVELS

The Case of the Lucky Legs. By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER. *Harrap.* 7s. 6d.

Five to Five. By D. ERSKINE MUIR. *Blackie.* 3s. 6d.

The Ebony Box. By J. S. FLETCHER. *Thornton Butterworth.* 7s. 6d.

Masks Off at Midnight. By VALENTINE WILLIAMS. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 7s. 6d.

After The Execution. By THEODORE HYDE. *Eyre and Spottis-woode.* 7s. 6d.

Murder in Church. By BABETTE HUGHES. *Appleton Century.* 7s. 6d.

Murder at Lancaster Gate. By FRANCIS D. GRIERSON. *Thornton Butterworth.* 7s. 6d.

What would Sherlock Holmes have to say about these latter-day detectives? Much the same, I presume, as W.G. would growl about modern cricket. "It's not what *I* played when I was a boy." Here are seven *soi-disant* detective stories, and not one of them depends for its solution on a clue. Nowadays detection is a matter of frenzied activity for the Americans and plodding elimination for the English. There is nothing for the reader who would like to test his own powers of deduction, except a little guess-work into the psychology of authors. But getting a guess right brings nothing like the satisfaction of framing a hypothesis and following it to a logical conclusion. There is no intellectual treat of that sort in store for anyone in these ingenuous volumes. If one must choose I prefer the high speed of the United States to the colourless methods of Scotland Yard and its amateur assistants. For that reason *Masks Off At Midnight* and *The Case of the Lucky Legs* appealed to me more than *Five to Five* or *After The Execution*, not that their plots are any more interesting or their villains better concealed, but simply that the energy of all their proceedings is so breathless that no crevice is left for boredom to creep up. Mr. Valentine Williams is a famous writer of mysteries, but *Masks Off At Midnight* is really a detective story, in spite of the intrusion of a White Russian chauffeur called Ivan on the New England scene where his millionaire master is murdered at a ball. The millionaire was an intruder too, for that matter; he had forced his way in without an invitation to flaunt his indomitable will-power in the face of his aristocratic hosts and the aristocratic girl he wished to marry. The detection is *ambulando*, or rather *currendo*; but the reader's guess at the criminal will probably be right. The Lucky Legs belonged to a young lady who had won a motion picture contract with them, but they carried her into a horrid mess in New York. A lawyer, Perry Mason, who never can resist being a detective, becomes embroiled in the murder of the scoundrel who had handed the lady the bogus contract, and to clear himself from suspicion has to fix the crime on someone else. The judicious reader will already have done so, but will enjoy the indefatigable Perry Mason sorting out the facts all the more that he reaches the same conclusion.

Five To Five, by an author who always chops his victim to pieces with a hatchet, seems spinsterish by comparison with the tough guys. In a quiet South Kensington street an old, unpleasant gentleman is practically dismembered in his drawing-room. Again no clues; patient research by Scotland Yard into the lives of the beneficiaries of his will is all that is required. The story is well written but unenterprising. *After The Execution* is on the other hand almost too enterprising. The plot opens with the execution of the murderer of a German scientist in an English

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cottage. We then hear an account of the crime and on what evidence he was convicted. So far the book reads like a crime story rather than a detective one. But the most startling events proceed to occur, and the detection has to be done all over again. It would ruin the reading to give further details; and the admirable style in which the book is written makes it well worth reading. Only the coincidences required for the unravelling broke my spirit before I had finished.

Mr. J. S. Fletcher is still writing detective stories at the age of seventy. *The Ebony Box* has a murder in it, and the murder is solved, but it is not an interesting crime as crimes go, and the treatment is uninspired. *Murder In Church* is an inferior American work, and *Murder At Lancaster Gate* should be avoided by those who dislike gangs mixed with their detection.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

PENNY PLAIN, TWOPENCE COLOURED

Eight New One-Act Plays of 1934. Edited by JOHN BOURNE. *Lovat Dickson.* 3s. 6d.

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Six Men of Dorset. By MILES MALLESON and H. BROOKS. *Gollancz.* Cloth, 2s. 6d. Paper, 1s.

Most of us plump for twopence-coloured where the theatre is concerned, and the three volumes under review offer us yet another opportunity to put our money on the wrong horse. Mr. Bourne and Mr. Williamson are impressivaly heralded. Mr. Bourne's *Eight New One-Act Plays of* 1934 is expected to be a best-seller to amateur dramatic societies—a just fate. The atmosphere of the amateur stage hangs already about Mr. Bridie's dreary little satire, Miss Coates' Irish Twilight, and the topical humours of Miss Popplewell, Mr. Grant and Mr. Box. Madame Kallas contributes a tragedy with elements of greatness obscured by a too lavish use of folk language, and Mr. Bourne himself a good sober piece: Mr. Sladen-Smith in a fine display of irony, "Happy Death, Ltd." alone produces characters.

Mr. Williamson's *Rose and Glove* has at least a real sense of the theatre, which is some excuse for one more attempt to "express post-war disillusionment" by dishing up the incidents of history, nicely garnished with period furnishings, with the new philosophy centuries of "culture" have taught the author smoothing over the roughnesses of the past. This time the story of Edward II and Piers Gaveston is treated, with Gaveston re-established as the brave, witty poet. Comparison with Marlowe is inevitable, but it is no unfair criticism to suggest that Marlowe's Gaveston crying in despair

> Weaponless must I fall, and die in bands?
> O, must this day be period of my life,
> Centre of all my bliss?

has the earth in him, whereas Mr. Williamson's hero "walking about the room handling things in an ecstasy of farewell" seems to have merely a little literary dust.

After the unreal ardours of the others, the professional labours of Mr. Malleson and Mr. Brooks are more than welcome. From historical incident they have produced a play accurate in fact as well as in truth, with the very essence of life. The story of the Tolpuddle Martyrs may not, on the face of it, seem likely material for the stage, yet *Six Men of Dorset* has humour as well as tragedy, action as well as character. The dialogue is the undecorated speech of simple people, and the story it tells is almost unbearably moving. The first scene, with its too noticeable use of dialect and its dependence on the children, is the weak point where production is concerned, for child actors rarely achieve the degree of reality the play demands. But apart from this, there is matter here for real acting, and it is to be hoped the play will soon find a producer, if it has not already done so. Worth which is not solid is too rare a thing to be lost sight of without a struggle.

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The Unemployment Act, 1934, is a long and complicated measure, and this pamphlet will be a boon—and a cheap boon—to many who cannot grapple with the Statute Book. It is in no sense a critical examination of the Act. Though Mr. Davison was a considerable critic of the Bill when it was before Parliament, his tone here is laudatory, and if we were arguing with him we should take exception to his views on more than one point. But his main purpose is to explain its principal features, and that he does with admirable clearness. He sets out the new scale of benefits and the method of working the insurance scheme, which of course is not new, except for the provisions regarding the boys and girls from 14 to 16 who now come under it, and the introduction of the Statutory Committee. He passes then to Part II—the Unemployment Assistance scheme, which transfers from the county and county borough councils to a national authority the care of the non-insured able-bodied unemployed, and he concludes with an optimistic—we hope not too optimistic—account of training centres and courses. At least a million applicants, numbering with dependants nearly three millions, will, he estimates, come under the new service. These should get better treatment—despite the Means Test, which is retained though with alleviations of its former rigours—from the Unemployment Assistance Board than they have usually had from the local authorities. But there are obvious difficulties, which may turn out to be serious, in this division of the unemployed under the Insurance Scheme, the Board and the Poor Law, which will still deal with some of them.

Reminiscences of an American Scholar. By JOHN W. BURGESS. *Oxford University Press.* 17s. 6d.

In this agreeable autobiography the late Professor Burgess tells the story of his career from his youth when, a Southerner, he sided with the Federals in the Civil War, through his graduation and subsequently teaching at Amherst College, to his call to Columbia College and the part he played in the conversion of that institution into a University. The story has a particular interest, for it explains the differences between the American University and the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. It is the teaching centre as opposed to the seat of learning, and it is instructive to note that much as Professor Burgess enjoyed his visits to Oxford, it was to the German and French Universities that he went for practical hints in the organisation of University life. The take it or leave it attitude of our older Universities repelled him, and he failed to see Stubbs at Oxford and Sidgwick at Cambridge as the potent influences they were. For the rest we do not need the assurance of his pupil and colleague to convince us of Burgess's likeability as a man, or of his ability as teacher, organiser and judge of men. As for the latter, he shows it in every reference he makes to his distinguished contemporaries at home and abroad.

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The Growth of Philosophic Radicalism
Elie Halévy

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FABER & FABER

24 Russell Square, London, W.C.1

Tibetan Trek. By RONALD KAULBACK. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Kaulback accompanied Captain Ward's expedition to south-eastern Tibet in the capacity of surveyor. The object of this expedition was primarily to collect new flowers and plants for cultivation in England; but a secondary, and no less important, aim was to make a map of the explored district which might be compared with the map made by an Indian traveller, one Kishen Singh, in 1878. It was later Mr. Kaulback's misfortune to be prevented, owing naturally enough to red tape, from completing the journey with Captain Ward. He was not specifically mentioned on the permit, and so was not allowed by the Government of India to enter Tibet. This order reached the expedition after he had been in that country two months. He proceeded as far as the pass of Ata Kang La before returning to Fort Hertz by another and more easterly route. This latter journey he conducted himself on his first initiation, at all, as an explorer. This was a remarkable feat, as the crossing of the Diphuk La had only twice before been accomplished by Europeans. Mr. Kaulback's style is that of a "hearty" recently come down from Cambridge; but once the first shock of his wild good-humour has worn off the reader will find his work extremely interesting, and a really valuable addition to modern travel-books.

The Life of Sir Henry Royce. By MAX PEMBERTON. *Selwyn and Blount.* 18*s.*

This book is an official biography of Sir Henry Royce "written with the full approval of his executors and the firm of Rolls-Royce Limited." But unlike most testimonials of this nature it is far from being unreadable. The author's good taste and evident pleasure in writing the biography of his friend have prevented him from an over-indulgence in the use of superlatives. Sir Henry's early career was full of trials and difficulties. He started life as a newspaper boy, and later got a job at the Peterborough locomotive works. There is an interesting account of the beginning of the famous partnership of Rolls, Royce and Johnson which was later to produce the finest car the world had yet known. The book is not confined to a history of the achievements of the firm. There are many intimate "shots" of Sir Henry and his friends; and amusing passages, which make very good reading, relative to the early pioneers of motoring in this country and in France. Sir Henry's relaxations were simple, with a distinct bias towards the learning of foreign languages. This book is a worthy memorial to a kindly man and a very great engineer.

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Week-end Competitions

No. 237

Set by Richard Church

I am always impressed by the magnificent freedom of the speed-cops as they cruise about in their sports models. I should like to hear the soliloquy of one of them delivered in the appropriate rhythm and form of two stanzas from Shelley's *Ode to the West Wind*. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best entries.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, October 5.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION 235

Set by Norman Collins

Japan has banned the words "Papa" and "Mama" as un-Japanese. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best list of English equivalents of the distressingly un-English words *flair, métier, chassis, garage, hors d'oeuvre, omelette, soufflé, negligé, déshabille, bête noire, affaire* and *fête*. The equivalents must not run to more than two words, either hyphenated or not as desired.

Report by Norman Collins

Judging by the extraordinarily large number of entries in this competition, readers of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION must have been feeling the matter of racial purity of speech pretty strongly. The general standard of the entries was high, and, if no one entry was consistently satisfactory, the competitors between them offered the literary Fascist a sufficiency of good English, or at least of Anglo-American, equivalents for all ordinary occasions. One entry (rather surprisingly submitted by Adolf Hitler from what I suspect to be an accommodation address in Preston) ingeniously suggests "Addle" and "Hittle" in place of the two untranslatable words "*Omelette*" and "*Soufflé*." The latter word, which beat most competitors was, however, deliciously rendered by "Veritas" as "baked foam." Many new words were coined and some of them were not appreciably worse than the old ones. I congratulate Olwen Lawton on "propurpeg" for "*métier*," and J. H. G. Gibbs who proposed "Jinker" for "*fête*" or "High Jinker" for "a fête under civic or noble patronage"; the same word was more simply rendered as "Joyday" by "Redling," as "Gayday" by "Pex," and even by the attractively simple "A do" by "Parisienne." Competitors, too numerous to mention, offered "whetter" and "starter" for "*hors d'oeuvre*" (God aid the social graces in our Dominions if the latter really is the Canadian word as "E. M. G." declares!). "*Affaire*" gave trouble to many. Some casually rendered it by "love affair," forgetting that there was no love in "*L'Affaire Dreyfus*," for example; and Mrs. Billson's "mix-up" was the best colloquial rendering suggested. To sum up: had Lester Ralph not funked, or forgotten, "*garage*" (or "car-barn": thank you, Mary Copley) he would have been awarded first prize; with Allan M. Laing as runner-up but for "carenought" for "*negligé*"—an unnecessarily derivative rendering. As it is, the first prize must go to H. C. Riddell and second prize to E. V. Warne, despite their preoccupation with love, and despite the fact that bakers up and down the country will probably be writing to Mr. Warne and me telling us that "egg-cake" is not an "*omelette*."

FIRST PRIZE

(Of these words I found "*omelette*" incredibly difficult and as good as irreplaceable; and "*affaire*" I consider misplaced—the word "affair" has been an English one since Norman times and can be used with the same meaning as the same word with an "e" on the end.)

flair	gift for.
métier	line.
chassis	engine-carriage.
garage	motor-house.
hors d'oeuvre	side dishes.
omelette	egg turnover.

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soufflé	puff pudding.
negligé	bedroom dress.
déshabille	undressed state.
bête noire	pet aversion.
affaire	love affair.
fête	local show.

H. C. RIDDELL

SECOND PRIZE

flair	nose.
métier	calling.
chassis	base-frame.
garage	car-shed.
hors d'oeuvre	fore-course.
omelette	egg-cake.
soufflé	cream-foam.
negligé	easy-wear.
déshabille	undress.
bête noire	pet aversion.
affaire	love affair.
fête	public party.

E. V. WARNE

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 92.—THE LITERARY DINNER PARTY

Mr. and Mrs. Tufthunter gave a literary dinner party. They invited an essayist, a historian, a dramatist, a novelist, and the spouse of each of the four. The ten diners sat informally at a round table, men and women in alternate seats. No wife sat next to her own husband.

The members of the party were well known to one another, save that Mrs. Allblah had never before met the historian, nor Mrs. Canto the essayist.

The following facts were given me concerning the seating arrangements:

The essayist's wife sat between the dramatist's husband and the historian.

The historian's wife sat on the left of the host.

Mr. Blethering sat between Mrs. Canto and the novelist.

Allblah sat on the right of the hostess and on the left of Mrs. Blethering.

Mrs. Allblah sat next to the novelist's husband.

Who sat on Dithertwell's right?

PROBLEM 90.—ALTERNATIVES

The general form of a "perfect" number (i.e., a number equal to the sum of its factors) is $2^{n-1}(2^n-1)$ where (2^n-1) is prime. Hence, there are very few numbers available for consideration, viz., 6, 28, 496, 8,128, the next "perfect number" being one of eight digits. Hence, it is clear that Boozle left £8,128. The alternatives are:

I		II	
13 children	£1	5 sons 1 + 20 ..	£21
	2	2 + 20 ..	22
	4	4 + 20 ..	24
	8	7 + 20 ..	27
	16	14 + 20 ..	34
	32		—
	64		128
	127		
	254	8 daughters each 1,000	8,000
	508		
	1,016		
	2,032		
	4,064		
Total	£8,128	Total	£8,128

Boozle had five sons and eight daughters.

PROBLEM 89.—BRIDGE

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: Frederic Choppin, 63 Woodyates Road, S.E. 12.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

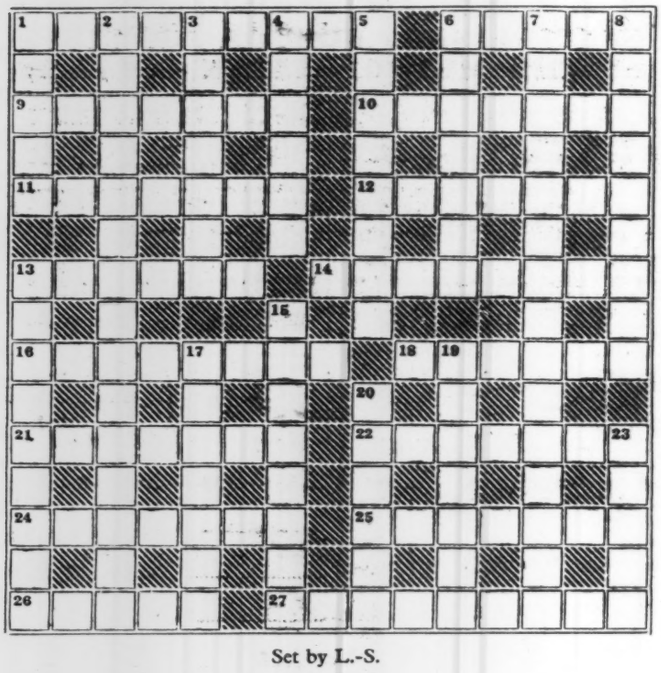
In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize, consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 238

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Constance Ross, 13, Lyndhurst Gardens, N.W.3

ACROSS

1 and 6. Little boys' ingredient.

9. Way to tell a close election.

10. Electrical contrivance characteristic of the Vicar of Bray.

11. Trade without custom.

12. One in charge.

13. Guides cattle.

14. Vegetable form of clear ice.

16. Ragtag and bobtail.

18. You might expect him to hover "warily" round the barrow.

21. Wordsworth's autobiography.

22. Often threatened to be given as punishment.

24. A blow that gives advantage to none.

25. An extra copper.

26. Coloured like a fowl.

27. Dwellers in the wilderness who leave without permission.

DOWN

1. He was a female judge.

2. Portrait of Hygeia, of course.

3. We don't get this every day, but the reverse.

4. A little way out?

5. Hungry as a hawk.

6. Got up after a meal for a flower.

7. Most dramatic moment for rescue.

8. Runs not on the railroad but on the road rail.

13. Celestial being in a musical instrument.

15. "If any, speak; for him have I —."

17. Our 9 meet together again at it.

19. Gentlemanly player.

20. Turns for tails for forwarding.

23. The amount of strolls the stone takes to keep off the moss.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

S	H	I	N	G	L	E	■	D	E	R	R	I	N	G
I	■	N	■	R	■	C	■	E	■	E	■	N	■	O
G	R	A	P	E	S	H	O	T	■	M	O	T	T	O
N	■	W	■	A	■	E	■	E	■	U	■	E	■	D
E	V	E	N	T	■	L	A	S	T	S	T	R	A	W
T	■	■	■	N	■	O	■	T	■	■	L	■	I	■
S	I	X	T	E	E	N	■	S	U	N	B	U	R	N
■	■	A	■	S	■	■	■	■	■	U	■	D	■	■
V	E	N	I	S	O	N	■	L	I	M	P	E	T	S
I	■	T	■	■	■	E	■	I	■	B	■	■	■	T
A	S	H	M	O	L	E	A	N	■	E	A	T	E	R
D	■	I	■	G	■	D	■	I	■	R	■	I	■	I
U	P	P	E	R	■	L	A	M	D	O	F	N	O	D
C	■	P	■	E	■	E	■	G	■	F	■	G	■	E
T	H	E	I	S	T	S	■	S	O	F	T	E	N	S

FACTS OF LIFE

BOOKS which supply knowledge of the facts of Life are a necessity to every man and woman. Recent utterances by legal and religious authorities have marked the definite change of opinion that has taken place regarding the necessity for sound Sex Education. We had foreseen such a change, and the undermentioned books by authoritative authors—dealing with all the phases of the subject—provide all the information necessary for you to have. In your own interests you are urged to make your choice without delay :—

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Further particulars may be obtained from
The University, Birmingham C. G. BURTON, Secretary.

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

THE GOLD BLOC IN DANGER—DEVALUATION AND INFLATION AND MALDISTRIBUTION OF GOLD—AMERICAN PROSPECTS

REPRESENTATIVES of the "gold bloc" countries have been closeted together at Geneva, discussing how they should protect themselves against the wicked "instability" of the off-gold currencies and how they should help each other to remain on gold. When these dear old gentlemen declare that the maintenance of their currencies at their present gold parities is "one of the essential conditions for the economic and financial restoration of the world" they flatter themselves. By all means let them appoint their sub-committee to examine "the two essential points—the increase in 'gold bloc' trade and the development of tourist and transport relations." The first witness they should examine is M. Germain-Martin, the French Minister of Finance, who recently defended the selfishness and anti-social practices of the gold-hoarders. In M. Germain-Martin's view the disgorging of gold hoards is to be deprecated because it would lead to increased expenditures and higher prices! Such is the barren and squalid economics of the "gold bloc." We may rest assured that whatever measures of "defence" the "gold bloc" countries take it will make no difference to their economic position in the long run. The "gold bloc" should be aware that every country which has suspended the gold standard has enjoyed a recovery of trade: it only remains for them to realise that a country remaining on gold at its old parity will never be able to deflate sufficiently to put itself in a competitive position with the off-gold countries because indirect taxation and protective tariffs, not to mention wages, make for too great a rigidity of costs. This week our Exchange Equalisation Fund has intervened to check the embarrassing rise in the franc, but it is doubtful whether the seasonal pressure on sterling has yet reached its peak. The excess of our imports over exports in the first eight months of the year was greater than the corresponding figure for 1933 by nearly £28 millions. In so far as this excess represents larger imports of raw materials for industrial consumption it augurs well for British trade, but the weakness of sterling, accentuating the over-valuation of the franc, makes the future of the "gold bloc" all the more hopeless.

* * *

The appointment of the "gold bloc" defence committee is interesting because it shows that the gold countries are feeling more uncomfortable about their position. While senile politicians with the rentier type of mind are responsible for their administration no change of monetary policy can be expected. But it will come. The body of opinion which favours devaluation is increasing—in France as well as in Holland. The devaluationists would do their countries a service if they conducted a campaign to show that devaluation does not necessarily mean inflation. They might popularise the American Government's policy of appropriating the devaluation profit for the reduction of the public debt. How this would work has been explained by a New York house as follows. The Treasury would issue gold certificates against the gold in the devaluation account, deposit the certificates with the Federal Reserve Banks and draw cheques against the deposit thus created in payment of Government bonds purchased. If the Government bonds were purchased from the public, the effect of such a transaction would be to increase the excess reserves of the member banks of the System, just as they are increased every time the Federal Reserve purchases Government bonds in the open market. There would be no more currency inflation involved in this procedure than there is when the Reserve Banks buy Government bonds in the open market. If the bonds were purchased from the Federal Reserve, and in view of the System's heavy holdings they might well be, there would be not only no increase in currency in circulation but no increase in excess reserves of the member banks and, hence, there would be absolutely no inflation except to the extent that the System's exchange of bonds for gold certificates would broaden the base of gold upon which the Federal Reserve Banks could later build up bank credit."

* * *

Eventually, the enlargement on paper of world Central Bank stocks of gold by means of devaluation might lead to inflation, but this could be avoided if the Central Banks maintained higher gold reserve ratios. Moreover, maldistribution of gold would operate against inflation. If we all devalued to the extent of the American devaluation (41 per cent.) there would still be a maldistribution of the world's gold stocks. This is brought out in the following table:

Gold Holdings of Governments and Central Banks.
(Figures of the *Economist*.)

	Millions of "old" gold dollars.		Millions of "new" gold dollars. January, 1934.	
	December, 1928.	January, 1934.	Assumption A.	Assumption B.
U.S.A. and Canada ..	3,860	4,099	6,959	6,959
Sterling Group*	1,230	1,444	2,445	2,445
Gold Bloc†	1,994	4,586	4,586	7,761
Other European countries	1,431	1,189	1,189	2,012
Latin America	895	342	579	579
Remainder	618	279	472	472
Total	10,028	11,951	16,230	20,228

* Includes Great Britain, Scandinavia, Portugal, India, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and Egypt.

† Includes France, Italy, Switzerland, Holland, Belgium and Poland.

Assumption A.—If all countries devalue by 41 per cent. except the gold bloc and other European countries.

Assumption B.—If 41 per cent. devaluation is universal.

This table shows that with a 41 per cent. devaluation, the American group has about 80 per cent. more gold in monetary value than in 1928 and the sterling group about 100 per cent. more. On the other hand, the gold bloc has about 2¼ times as much without a 41 per cent. devaluation, and nearly four times as much with the 41 per cent. devaluation. This suggests that a general devaluation in itself would not enable the world gold system to refunction unless there were a redistribution of the world's gold stocks.

* * *

A remarkable memorandum has been written by a leading firm of Stock Exchange jobbers on "America's New Crisis." I extract the following paragraphs:

> It is hard to realise that the great United States Government is totally unable to place a long-dated issue with its banks, much less with its private investors; and that while nearly 60 per cent. of the American debt is held by the banks, maturing obligations, which are heavy in the near future, have to be met by issue of short-dated promises to pay. . . .
>
> The banking position is dangerous, owing to the extent to which the lack of confidence among the investing public has forced the banks to take over the greater part of the national debt. The result of this is that . . . if a further weakening of the Government credit should take place a fresh outburst of widespread banking trouble is probable.
>
> Roosevelt has to deal with a population a large part of which is composed of descendants of the poorest and most backward inhabitants of the most backward sections of Europe and Great Britain. This population has wasted with wanton recklessness the magnificent heritage presented to it by Nature. It has slaughtered the buffaloes, destroyed the forests and exhausted the soil by thriftless agriculture to an extent that can only be repaired by years of careful nursing. Always accustomed to regard public funds as fair game, it has raised graft to a fine art; and graft is now said by American critics to be more prevalent than ever before. Recovery and reform in America thus are faced with exceptional obstacles. That Mr. Roosevelt may triumph over them is the earnest wish of all on this side of the Atlantic, who want to see world trade restored.

This is an extraordinary outburst for a London Stock Exchange house which does business with New York. In my opinion, the authors take an unreasonably alarmist view of the American outlook and completely fail to understand American politics. Reading between the lines of the American news, it appears that the United States as a whole are moving slowly towards the "Right," and that President Roosevelt, as a good politician, will move with it. The Congressional elections will show more clearly which way the political wind is blowing, but the resignation of General Johnson seems to indicate that the N.R.A. is to be made more conservative and business confidence is to be cultivated in future. The so-called "settlement" of the textile strike is hardly an encouragement for labour. America demands prosperity, which means that Roosevelt is bound to come out sooner or later on the side of capital against labour.

* * *

A final word of caution. Leading British industrial shares are being carried to extravagantly high prices. I hope my readers will keep their heads and their money.

COMPANY MEETING.

ASSOCIATED BRITISH PICTURE CORPORATION

The seventh ordinary general meeting of the Associated British Picture Corporation, Ltd., was held on Tuesday in London.

MR. JOHN MAXWELL (chairman and managing director) said that the combined figure of trading profit earned by the Corporation and Associated British Cinemas, Ltd., amounted to the substantial figure of £573,198. After deducting the charge for interest on mortgages and loans, the reserve required for income tax, and a reserve of £100,000 for depreciation of cinema properties, they were left with a combined net profit for the year, after making full provision of every kind, of £273,591. The trading results of the current year to date showed that the improvement of the past year had been more than maintained, and the most recent figures showed that the further increase of profits had been substantial. The directors therefore looked forward with confidence to being able to show a highly satisfactory result for the full year. The combined reserves and balances of undistributed profits amounted to £1,136,509.

A proposal would be submitted to extraordinary general meetings of shareholders to increase the share capital of the Corporation by the creation of a further 250,000 six per cent. first cumulative preference shares of £1 each and 1,000,000 ordinary shares of 5s. each. The proposal was made as part of a scheme which the directors had in view for funding the floating loans of their subsidiary companies. Financial conditions generally had tended towards making feasible on suitable terms a funding operation of the character they had had in mind, and the directors hoped shortly to be in a position to announce the details of arrangements now being made.

Without exception, their subsidiary companies had done well throughout the past year. They had been able to add to the volume of their film production from Elstree a considerable output from the Welwyn studios of British Instructional Films, Ltd. Their distributing companies, Wardour Films, Ltd., and Pathé Pictures, Ltd., had both had a successful year's trading, and their export company, B.I.P. (Export), Ltd., had shown steadily improving results.

On the cinema side of the business the company's cinemas had been well attended, and the trading results satisfactory.

Arrangements were in hand for an early issue of first mortgage debenture stock secured as a first direct specific charge on about £6,000,000 of properties.

The report was unanimously adopted and the separate general meeting of preference shareholders convened to consider resolutions increasing the capital was, in the absence of a quorum, adjourned until Tuesday, October 2nd next.

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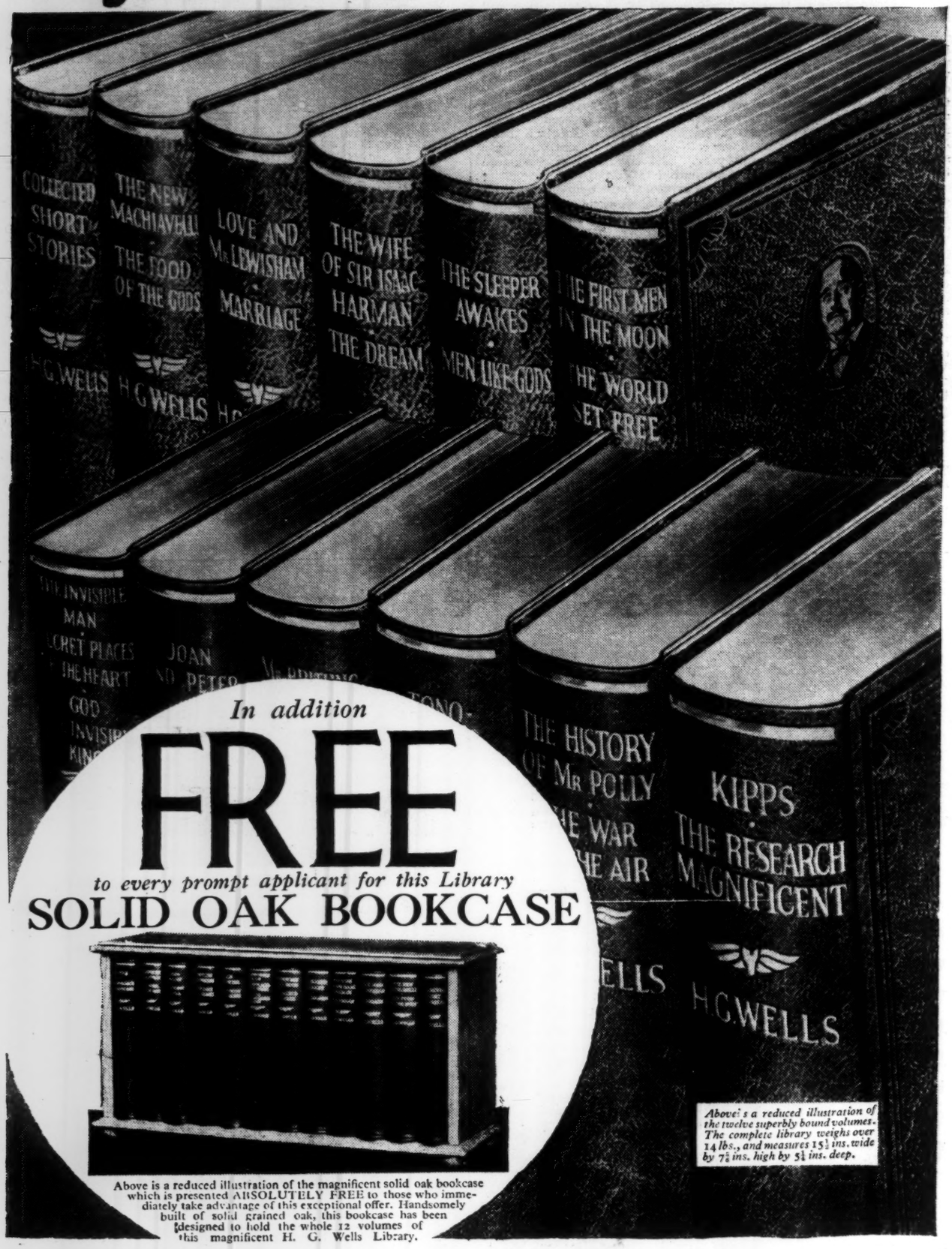

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A Lecture in memory of the late CECIL HEADLAM, M.A., F.R.Hist.S. (Editor of the Calendars of State Papers, Colonial), entitled "SOUTH AFRICA AND THE HISTORY OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE" will be given by PROF. A. P. NEWTON, D.Lit., F.S.A. (Rhodes Professor of Imperial History in the University) at KING'S COLLEGE (Strand, W.C.2) on THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11th, at 5.30 p.m. The Chair will be taken by the Chancellor of the University (The Right Hon. the Earl of Athlone, K.G., G.C.B., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., D.S.O.)

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September 29, 1934

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

Labour's Foreign Policy

SUPPLEMENT SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1934

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FOREWORD

WITH revolutions occurring every few months and wars threatening anywhere and everywhere no confident and detailed pronouncements about foreign policy are possible for any political party. The Conservatives are in the easiest position, for, whatever they may say about the League of Nations, they do not hide their fundamental faith that the one object of foreign policy is to promote the prestige of the British Empire and to safeguard the property and lives of British citizens abroad. The more intelligent among them, however, realise that self-defence is impossible for any State in isolation, and support the idea of collective security, remarking in private that it is only the new label for the old policy of alliances. The Labour Party is in a more complicated and puzzling position. Cursed with a troublesome idealism that makes them desire to abolish war, Labour leaders cling desperately to the League as the foundation on which they hope to see world government built. At the same time, Socialist analysis of the world economic situation which explains sovereignty as the political expression of economic imperialism necessarily leads to scepticism about purely political efforts to get rid of war without removing the causes of war. The lesson has been rubbed in by the failure in the Manchurian dispute to make pooled security a reality, and by the breakdown of the long and determined effort to achieve disarmament.

In this situation two reactions are possible. The older leaders seek new political ways to end international anarchy. Their policy is to strengthen the League. They propose a Peace Act in order that the public shall realise that our obligations under the Covenant bind us as much as any other treaty obligations. They propose to set about working for disarmament in a more realistic way by first creating a feeling of security through the internationalisation of aviation and the creation of an international police force. On the other hand, a considerable section of the Labour movement, which includes many of the younger rank and file, declare that capitalist Governments, each clinging to its sovereign rights and seeking its individual prestige, cannot ever make the League a reality, and that world government is impossible until we have Socialist states. This position is, ironically enough, complicated by the fact that Russia, the one Power which has achieved Socialism, has found it necessary to abandon its isolation and come into the League in the hope of finding help from capitalist Governments if it is attacked either from the east or from the west.

The Party Conference which opens next week at Southport will therefore see a sharp division of opinion about Labour foreign policy. The object of this Supplement is to clarify the issue raised in a challenging form by the sweeping amendments proposed by the Socialist League. The Executive's position is explained by Dr. Hugh Dalton, who was Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs in the Labour Government of 1929–31. Mr. H. N. Brailsford explains the political philosophy which inspires the Socialist League's amendments. It is clear that these amendments contain a remarkable combination of revolutionary analysis and practical policy. Fearing that any war in the present circumstances, whether the Government in power is Conservative or gradualist Labour, would, in fact, be not a "League police war" but a war which does not differ except in its slogans from past wars, the Socialist League emphasises the Hastings "general strike" resolution of last year, and aims at summoning the working classes to prepare to resist all wars. At the same time, recognising that this is a policy for a revolutionary opposition movement and not for possible Labour Government in the near future, it urges, on admittedly opportunist grounds, collaboration with Russia and other States in the League in order to stave off war. The third article in this Supplement argues that in a number of respects the Socialist League's proposals are contradictory, and, while generally supporting the Executive's policy, urges that its full implications are not faced by the Executive itself. For the official Labour policy declares that all citizens have a duty of loyalty to the embryonic World State which surpasses their provincial duty as citizens of a particular country, and it therefore calls upon them to be ready to resist any Government which pursues a policy which is likely to lead to an imperialistic war or threatens war in defiance of its obligations under the Covenant. If this resistance is to be more effective than war resistance in the past, it must involve mass refusal to obey the Government, to pay taxes and to fight. Resistance of this type is implicit but not explicit in the official Labour policy.

THE LABOUR PARTY'S FOREIGN POLICY

By HUGH DALTON

"THE rhythm of progress has been accelerated to such a point that man—who has created it with his small individual inventions, just as an immense conflagration can be started with a few pints of petrol and one little match—lives in a perpetual state of instability, insecurity, fatigue and accumulating delusions. Our physical and nervous organisation will soon give way, unless some energetic decision, far-sighted and not too long delayed, brings order once more to a situation which is rapidly getting out of hand." So wrote Le Corbusier of the Modern Great City. But his words also describe perfectly the Modern Great World and the present tension of international relations.

Last year at Hastings the Labour Party Conference passed unanimously a long anti-war resolution, ending with an instruction to the National Executive of the Party:

> To seek consultation forthwith with the Trade Union and Co-operative movements, with a view to deciding and announcing to the country what steps, including a general strike, are to be taken to organise the opposition of the organised working-class movement in the event of war or threat of war.

After a short debate, in the course of which Mr. Noel Baker observed that the Kellogg Pact already pledged all Governments to just that renunciation of war which the resolution demanded from the Labour Movement, I accepted the resolution on behalf of the Executive. I said that the Executive had had no part in its drafting, which I criticised on the ground that it did not go far enough, since it did not commit us even to an economic and financial boycott of a war-mongering State. But I gave an undertaking that the desired consultations should take place.

This undertaking has been kept. The report on *War and Peace*, which is being submitted to the Labour Party Conference at Southport, was adopted last month, practically without opposition, by the Trades Union Congress at Weymouth. It had previously been adopted at the end of June, without a single dissenting vote, by a joint meeting of the National Executive, the Executive of the Parliamentary Party and the General Council of the T.U.C. It will be submitted, we anticipate, in due course, to the Co-operative Congress.

In this Report we stand, with deliberate emphasis and without any shuffling or ambiguity, for the Collective Peace System. So, amid ministerial jeers and misrepresentations, have the spokesmen of the Labour Party stood in many a debate in the present Parliament. We proclaim a World Peace Loyalty, which overrides all narrower claims, and implies three primary duties. These are, in the words of the Report:

> (*a*) Arbitration-insistence; the duty to insist that our Government settle all its disputes by peaceful means and eschew force. (*b*) Sanctions-assistance; the duty unflinchingly to support our Government in all the risks and consequences of fulfilling its duty to take part in collective action against a peace-breaker. (*c*) War-resistance; the refusal to accept our Government's unsupported claim to be using force in self-defence; insistence on submitting this claim to the test of international judgment, or of willingness to arbitrate; refusal to serve or support our Government if it were ever condemned as an aggressor by the League or designated itself as an aggressor by becoming involved in war after refusing arbitration.

A Labour Government would place on the Statute Book a Peace Act of Parliament, binding the British Government to submit any dispute with another State to some form of peaceful procedure, never to resort to force as an instrument of national policy, and to report at once to the League and to comply with the League's injunctions, on the basis of reciprocity, in case of having to use force in self-defence. The Peace Act would further empower the Government to apply any economic and financial measures necessary to enable it to take its share in collective action to cut off relations with a peace-breaker.

In my opinion, collective economic and financial pressure, or even the threat of it, if known to be seriously meant, would, in a large number of hypothetical cases, halt the intending aggressor in his tracks. The threat of it would certainly have halted Japan in September, 1931, had the British and American Governments acted together, though at later stages of the Far-Eastern affair, as the militarists gained the upper hand in Japan, a threat might not have been enough. But from the start the British Government was running hard—away from its treaty obligations.

In the last resort, "we recognise," says the Labour Party Report, "that there might be circumstances in which the Government of Great Britain might have to use its military and naval forces in support of the League in restraining an aggressor nation which declined to submit to the authority of the League and which flagrantly used military measures in defiance of its pledged word." The enemy of Peace would then be the enemy of Britain, as of the whole international community.

The Collective Peace System has received in these last days a tremendous reinforcement. The entry of the Soviet Union into the League is an event which may well change world history. Already some doctrinaires at home and some dictators abroad look equally disconcerted.

If the Collective System holds, as a dam against war, in the critical next years, there is some chance of building solidly behind it. The Report on *War and Peace* touches on a number of the building problems—international economic co-operation on much bolder lines than hitherto, real disarmament, an international police force, the ending of private arms manufacture, regional agreement within the League by a group of advanced countries, better provision for examining national grievances against the *status quo*. These will be among the tasks of the next British Labour Government. Under our present Government Britain has renounced all leadership in such questions, and all interest save in disingenuous obstruction and evasion.

One debate at Southport will cover jointly the Report on *War and Peace*, the summary of this in the programme *For Socialism and Peace* and a number of amendments to the latter from affiliated societies. Many amendments are purely verbal, some are improved drafts and some—those of the Fabian Society for instance—propose useful additions which are in harmony with Party policy. But others, including those of the Socialist League, cut right across it, or, if accepted, would make sheer nonsense of it. This society, not content with putting some eighty other amendments, large and small, on the Agenda of the Conference, aims at deleting practically the whole of our international proposals and substituting a rhetorical composition of its own, full of internal inconsistencies, doctrinal inhibitions and snatches of old tunes long out of date. "The Labour Party," they declare, "does not desire this country to withdraw from the League of Nations." What a rousing slogan! "Under the capitalist system it is impossible to allocate the blame for war." That is not the view of the Soviet Government, nor of any political realist in any country, nor of any student of the League Covenant and of the post-war treaties of Arbitration and Conciliation, and of the careful definitions of "aggression," in the drafting of which Mr. Litvinov took the leading part. "The Labour Party calls upon the workers in all capitalist countries to make every effort to prepare resistance to war declared by their own Governments." Mere shouting into the wind, alas! towards all those countries which are the likeliest aggressors. Better save our breath. "The Labour Party undertakes to resist a war entered into by this Government by every means in its power, including a general strike." I confess to a feeling of impatience when I hear Socialists who are members of the professional classes, who have no standing in the Trade Union movement and no responsibility for its direction, talk glibly of a general strike. "We must compel the Trade Unions to declare a general strike," a prominent leader of the Socialist League told a public meeting some months ago. Such platform attitudes seem to me inappropriate.

The executive's statement of policy lays it down that war resistance, in hypothetical conditions which are clearly defined, is a universal duty against a Government which, by its actions, would have forfeited all claim to moral authority, or to obedience from its citizens. But the general strike is a matter of decision by Trade Unionists and their accredited leaders alone. The standing orders of the T.U.C. already provide that a special congress shall be called in the event of the danger of an outbreak of war. The executive is content to leave it there.

THE APPROACH OF THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE

By H. N. BRAILSFORD

ALL parties at times relapse into dogmatic slumbers and miss their chances. But no Socialist Party, if the breath of life were in it, ought to have missed the chance that came to the British Labour Party this summer. Faced with a crisis in world affairs heavy with the threat of war, it had to draw up a restatement of its international policy. Here was the opportunity for a trenchant analysis of the economic instability of the capitalist structure that leads to war. We have seen the process at work: the starvation of the internal market by wage-cuts, the rush towards the closed markets of national or imperial

self-sufficiency, the growth of Fascism, the preparations of Germany and Japan for the expansion of their markets by arms, the collapse of the Disarmament Conference and the exposure of the League. All this was the sequel and consequence of the slump. A living Socialist Party would have taken these economic events as the starting point for a frontal attack on capitalism—the cause of war, because it is the fountain of economic anarchy.

The Executive of the Labour Party has missed this chance. It perceives in the perilous world around it no large movement of history. It holds Sir John Simon to blame for most that is amiss, and it is confident that when it has the chance of propounding its peace plan to Italian and Polish militarists at Geneva (with the Japs and the Nazis on the wrong side of the door) all will be well. It is content, without a trace of fresh thinking, to go on repeating what it has said since 1917, as though it still inhabited that climate of Wilsonian illusion. It believes that in the world of to-day peace can be assured and disarmament effected without any changes in its social and economic structure, through the agency of the existing League. It none the less adds to this declaration of faith in collective security within the Genevan system sundry clichés of Socialist doctrine, which would destroy its Liberal optimism, if one were to take them seriously. One passage recognises "the scramble for markets and fields of investment" as a cause of war. Another indicts "banking and big business." Yet we are asked to have faith that a League composed of Governments, most of them dominated by these "vested interests" and devoted to the system "that breeds war," can none the less ensure a lasting peace.

This faith in the existing League is puzzling, for certain passages reveal some perception of its defects. The paralysing rule of unanimity is not mentioned, but the Appendix calls for the subordination of national sovereignty to "world institutions." Labour, we are told, wishes to organise "a Federation of Nations," which ought to mean that it wants a federal world-government, and not merely a League that can act only by the consent of all its members. The two documents seem to realise that the existing League has not solved the problem of peaceful change, especially in the matter of treaty revision. The ultimate aim is described as "a co-operative world commonwealth." If "co-operative" means Socialist, it would be well to say so, for the context does not convey this meaning. If "commonwealth" means "federal government," again one should have the courage to say so. But if the Party does indeed mean "Socialist World Federation," then the question follows: At what rate per cent. per annum can a Council, bound by the rule of unanimity, which always includes at least two Fascist Members (Italy and Poland) guide the League towards this goal?

The practical policy recommended resolves itself into two proposals. The first is a "peace plan," which is mainly a drastic scheme of disarmament, pivoting on the creation by the League of an aerial police force. If the Party meant that it will make propaganda for this idea and preach it at Geneva, or if it intended to say that the World Federation which ultimately ensures peace will abolish national armaments and create a federal police, one would assent. But the Executive apparently believes that it has only to descend on Geneva as a Government to get this peace plan adopted. This is to display a fantastic remoteness from realities. Will the three Great Powers outside the League abolish their air forces, and submit to the League's police? Will France abandon submarines, or the United States its monster capital ships? Even within the League is it thinkable that Poland and Italy will disarm wholeheartedly, or that France and her satellites will consent to treaty revision? A clear-sighted Socialist Government would assuredly make these and even more drastic proposals, and publish them at Geneva, but it would regard them as a means of demonstrating the incompatibility of capitalist imperialism with any adequate system of collective security.

The second project which the Executive regards with simple-minded pride is the suggestion that a Peace Act should be passed, binding every British Government to observe its obligations under the Covenant. If a living League were working healthily, this would be a harmless pedantry. But one must indeed be naive if one supposes that such an Act would avail to ensure the active, resourceful loyalty to the Covenant of such a Minister as Sir John Simon, with the Tory Party behind him, in such a situation as Japan created in Manchuria. This proposal comes from the paper world of pacts in which these Genevans bury themselves, till they lose all perception of the dynamic struggles and the real forces of history.

But is this Peace Act merely a harmless naïveté? It binds the Party to support any war that has received the blessing of Geneva. The League at the moment seems moribund, but if it comes to life again in a European crisis it will be as a barely disguised alliance, under French leadership, with the maintenance of the *status quo* and the Versailles system as its working principle. Rendering all its arbitral judgments on the basis of imposed peace treaties, unwilling either to disarm or to concede equality in arms, doing its business behind the scenes by barter and pressure, is such a League to be trusted to name the aggressor and send millions of young workers into the firing line? If it does so, will it certainly mean anything more than this—that M. Barthou and Sir John Simon, who ignore its obligations when no imperial or capitalist interest of their own is to be served, have for once found the Covenant useful in the pursuit of these same ends? Tied by its blind loyalty to Geneva, the Labour Party may again succumb to Liberal slogans and involve itself, as its main body did in 1914, in a typical capitalist-imperialist war.

To this confused statement of policy the Socialist League opposes a direct negative. It traces the present world-crisis to its economic causes. It challenges the Party's affirmation of the duty of "world-citizenship" by stressing the identity of interest among the world's workers. Are we bound by loyalty

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to such fellow-citizens as Hitler and Mussolini? It reminds the Party that the League was bound up from the start with the Versailles settlement, and that its composition and constitution alike forbid it to deal with the economic causes of war.

It insists that while Labour is in opposition it shall retain and proclaim the duty of resistance to war, nor will it agree to except wars that the League has sanctioned. It denies the possibility, in this world of capitalist anarchy, of allocating the blame for war, which is inherent in the system itself. It boldly declares (as the Party itself did at Hastings) that any capitalist war should be met by organised resistance, "including a general strike."

In office it prescribes towards the League an opportunist attitude. It recognises its value as a forum. It would propose drastic disarmament, in the hope of securing some useful reduction, press for the abolition of the private manufacture of arms and for the revision of treaties. It would seek by the regulation of foreign trade to lessen the friction and anarchy that lead to war. In Ireland, India and the colonies it would strive to reverse the work of capitalist imperialism. Its armed forces should be "organised and officered democratically for defending the new social order."

Believing that this moribund League of sovereign States, nearly all of them capitalist, is not a possible nucleus for a Socialist World Federation, the Socialist League does not propose to rely upon it for the organisation of collective security. It proposes that all existing commitments be revised, including presumably the Covenant and Locarno. For collective security it relies firstly and chiefly on the U.S.S.R. with other Socialist States. It is prepared, however, for pacts of mutual assistance and non-aggression with "any countries which sincerely seek to follow a pacific policy." It ought perhaps to have defined this phrase more closely. The context shows, however, that no country can contribute effectively to world peace unless it is ready to abandon the superstition of sovereignty, to accept a workable scheme for peaceful change, and to subject its economic life to an international plan. Peaceful change means primarily economic adjustment. Would any capitalist Empire satisfy this definition?

The distinctive feature of the Socialist League's policy lies, however, in its attitude to the Soviet Union. The Party suggests "full co-operation" with it, and also with the U.S.A., apparently on the same footing. That is logical enough, given the colour-blind Genevan attitude. The Socialist League, however, takes seriously the Party's academic belief that capitalist anarchy is the cause of war. What it envisages as its ultimate objective is no vague "co-operative commonwealth," but a Socialist World Federation. The pivot, therefore, of its foreign policy is the establishment of "the closest political and economic relations with the Soviet Union, and with all other countries where Socialist Governments are in control." They would act together within the League. They would support each other in defence. They would organise their trading, their lending and their communications by air and sea on a Socialist basis. They would begin to create, over a vast extent of the earth's surface, the political relationship and the economic structure that alone (as even the Party confesses) can ensure a creative and enduring peace. From this base, by influence, persuasion and example, they would work for peace throughout the world. This is inevitably a slight sketch of a foreign policy. But it faces the meaning and nature of war in a capitalist society. It discards the inkpots and illusions of Geneva. Above all, it offers an intelligible basis on which workers by hand and brain can be rallied to resist war and remove its cause.

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LABOUR POLICY AND WAR

By "A SOCIALIST"

I TAKE an intermediate position between the official Labour Party's foreign policy as stated in *For Socialism and Peace* (which must be read in conjunction with the War and Peace memorandum adopted at the Weymouth T.U. Congress and appearing in the Annual Report to the Southport Conference) and the attitude of the Socialist League amendments. In general I agree with the official Labour policy, but there seem to me to be obscurities and timidities in the drafting that badly require to be corrected in order to bring out more clearly important implications of that policy. I believe the amendments submitted by the Fabian Society to *For Socialism and Peace* would supply the needed corrective.

Let me explain why, although I like the militant spirit of the Socialist League amendments and hope more of it will get into the expression of the official policy, I think the latter is bold, constructive and consistent, and the proposals of the Socialist League school of thought are confused, contradictory, and even on certain points reactionary.

1. The Executive's policy declares that "all current problems in foreign policy must be solved, all the immediate decisions and short-term measures of the next Labour Government must be taken, with reference to our grand objective and long-term policy—the establishment, bit by bit and step by step, of a Co-operative World Commonwealth." The Socialist League amendments say that "the ultimate purpose of Labour's foreign policy" is the full realisation of the community of interest of all workers by hand or brain "in a world-wide Socialist Federation." No difference here, except in phraseology. The differences begin when it comes to questions of method.

2. The official policy says we must use the League as an instrument for working toward a Co-operative World Commonwealth. It then lays down a policy on economic and social questions; disarmament and collective security; the problem of peaceful change in Europe; the menace to peace in the Far East; which, as it says,

> has been worked out consistently with reference on the one hand to the existing collective system as its basis, and on the other to the final objective—establishing a Co-operative World Commonwealth.

That policy is perfectly clear on the point that you cannot get disarmament unless the sanctions system of the Covenant is made a reality, and adds:

> This policy of reducing national armed forces in return for international guarantees of security backed by international armed forces can be carried out first by a group of countries within the League as a regional agreement under Article 21 of the Covenant. But a condition for carrying out this policy is to bring the U.S.S.R. into the League.

The Socialist League amendments agree that we should stay in the League, but call for making a reality of collective security and for concluding regional mutual assistance pacts, not only with the Soviet Union, but with any countries "which sincerely seek to follow a pacific policy." They also desire reduction and limitation of armaments, but they reject by implication the sanctions system (Articles 10 and 16) of the Covenant.

This really will not do. (*a*) To attempt to remain in the League while repudiating or ignoring Arts. 10 and 16 would be to bring to its fell conclusion the policy of Sir John Simon, which has already half destroyed the League. If we stay in the League and are not content merely to follow in the disastrous footsteps of the National Government, we must honour *all* our obligations under the Covenant. (*b*) Mutual assistance pacts between Members of the League must be so framed as to fit in with the sanctions and war-renouncing system of the Covenant, both for constitutional reasons (Article 20) and for the broad political reason that they must operate only as local reinforcements of a general system for pacific settlement of disputes, collective definition and determination of an aggressor, and collective action against an aggressor so determined. Otherwise regional mutual assistance

pacts will become military alliances, putting force behind the litigants instead of behind the law, and evoking rival groups and alliances. (*c*) Disarmament is impossible unless collective defence is substituted for self-judged individual defence; collective defence postulates intention to honour all obligations under the Covenant.

In other words, the policy advocated by the Socialist League of staying in the League, concluding mutual assistance pacts, making a reality of collective security, and promoting disarmament is, as its stands, both confused and contradictory, and becomes clear and consistent only when amended to conform with the policy proposed by the Executive. Incidentally, it will then be in entire accord with the attitude of the Soviet Union, which has just entered the League with "the undertaking to observe all the international obligations and decisions binding upon Members in conformity with Article 1 of the Covenant." The Soviet Government have made it abundantly clear in a series of public statements, both in Moscow and Geneva, that they are going to make every effort to strengthen the League sanctions system by every means in their power, including regional agreements.

3. In addition to its long-term policy of working toward a World Commonwealth and of combating war by strengthening the Covenant system of collective defence, which is to be followed by the next Labour Government, the Executive proposes an immediate war-resistance policy which is to be binding on Labour *now*, while we are still in opposition. It is here that I feel there are timidities and obscurities.

The Socialist League proposes an attitude on war-resistance that, although plain enough, is impossible to reconcile with the rest of the policy they advocate. In a recent letter to the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION Miss Betts said that "the workers must be organised at once on the basis that they will not fight under *any* circumstances for a non-Socialist Government," and the same is asserted, with more circumlocution, by the Socialist League. Now (*a*) the Socialist League advocates mutual assistance pacts even with capitalist Governments. In this it is in perfect accord with the Soviet Government, which not only wants such pacts, but emphatically proclaims the necessity for co-operating with capitalist States to preserve peace, and has accordingly entered the League and is working to strengthen its sanctions system. But this means that the Socialist League contemplates the necessity for British workers in certain circumstances to fight for foreign capitalist Governments when Labour is in power. Why then say they must not in *any* circumstances fight for a British capitalist Government when Labour is in opposition? (*b*) The Socialist League wants us to stay in the League. But we cannot do this unless we are prepared to honour our sanctions obligations. Those obligations are binding on any British Government whether capitalist or Socialist. They are binding now. Is the Labour Party to say that it repudiates these obligations while in opposition but will strengthen them when it gets into power? (*c*) The only part of the text on foreign policy in *For Socialism and Peace* which the Socialist League appear to have approved—for they have left it to stand unrevised—is the passage which reads:

> The problem of Asia is regarded by the Labour Party as pivotal to the peace of the world. It is here that the present Government's disregard of its solemn treaty obligations has had the swiftest and the direst consequences—nothing less than the menace of a great war. Here the Labour Government would take its stand squarely on the Covenant, the Nine-Power Treaty and the Paris Pact, as interpreted in the unanimous Report of the League Assembly. It would keep in closest touch with the United States and the Soviet Union with regard to a concerted attitude against aggression and the violation of treaties in the Far East. It would make clear that any fresh resort to war would be met by world-wide action on the basis of the treaties forbidding war.

Is approval of this passage consistent with treating Article 16 of the Covenant as a dead letter?

The war in the Far East may even break out while the National Government is still in office. The danger is imminent. It is that danger which has driven the Soviet Union into the League. If Russia is attacked by Japan she will appeal to Article 16 of the Covenant. She is counting on the workers in England and France to make it impossible for the two Governments to repeat their shameful betrayal of the Covenant in the Sino-Japanese conflict, and to compel them, by direct action if necessary, to cut off all supplies to Japan, as in honour and duty bound by Article 16. Does the Socialist League wish Labour to reply by out-Simoning Simon and threatening a general strike in order to prevent the National Government acting as it is bound to do under the Covenant? Surely such a threat would be superfluous. Surely it ought to be reversed, and the Government be threatened with a general strike, in the name of a loyalty to the League higher than patriotism, if it did *not* apply the Covenant.

That, in fact, is the doctrine which logically emerges from the Executive's policy, where it is declared that

> loyalty to the world-community on the issue of peace over-rides any national duty, and notably our duty to the Government in war. We are world citizens because of our country's membership of a world community bound by common treaty obligations—the rudimentary constitution of a nascent World Commonwealth.

Three duties of world citizenship are then enumerated as following from this supreme world peace loyalty and as ranking before any other public duty. They are (*a*) Arbitration-insistence; (*b*) "Sanctions-assistance—the duty unflinchingly to support our Government in all risks and consequences of fulfilling its duty to take part in collective action against a peace-breaker"; (*c*) War-resistance—the refusal to accept our Government's unsupported claim to be using force in self-defence; insistence on submitting this claim to the test of international judgment, or of willingness to arbitrate; refusal to serve or support our Government if it were ever condemned as an aggressor by the League or designated itself as an aggressor by becoming involved in war after refusing arbitration.

What does all this mean? It means a decisive break with the tradition of "my Government right or wrong." It means a clear and uncompromising assertion of the right and duty of all good citizens *to judge for themselves* on the issue of their Government's participation in a war. So far the principle enunciated is identical with the attitude of the Socialist League.

But the Executive goes farther. It indicates the criteria by which all citizens should be guided in arriving at decisions on this crucial issue; it formulates these criteria so as to be in conformity with Labour's constructive policy of working toward a Co-operative World Commonwealth, with the League and its collective defence system as an instrument and starting point; it provides machinery (in the shape of a special T.U. Congress meeting in case of a threat of war, and later, as agreed at Weymouth, in the shape of powers to be vested in the General Council by such a Congress) to apply these criteria on behalf of the Labour movement in the light of the circumstances at the time.

That policy seems to me clear, bold, revolutionary, and 100 per cent. Socialist. But I should like its implications to be brought out more plainly. It will be the duty of the Labour movement to give a lead to the whole country and to show how the three duties of world citizenship that Labour has proclaimed are to be applied in any emergency. The function of the special *ad hoc* T.U. Congress will be to decide at the time how these duties are to be acted on in the circumstances. If the Congress finds that our Government is guilty of aggression as defined under "war-resistance," the organised workers must give effect to the duty to refuse to serve or support the Government; that must mean refusing to perform any work of national importance, and this in turn means a general strike. Again, if the special Congress decides that the Government are failing to perform their duty under "sanctions assistance," appropriate means of Labour pressure should be devised to prevent the Government becoming an accomplice after the fact to the heinous international crime of war by allowing the sale of supplies to an aggressor. These things are implied in the Executive's policy, but they should be stated clearly and emphatically.

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